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SMITH ACADEMY,
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&
Smith
ACADEMY

The School Songs Of

SMITH ACADEMY.

W. S. BELL & SON. *Publishers.*

olive Street, St. Lonis. Mo'

PRESENTED BY

Mrs. A. Freund

The School Songs Of

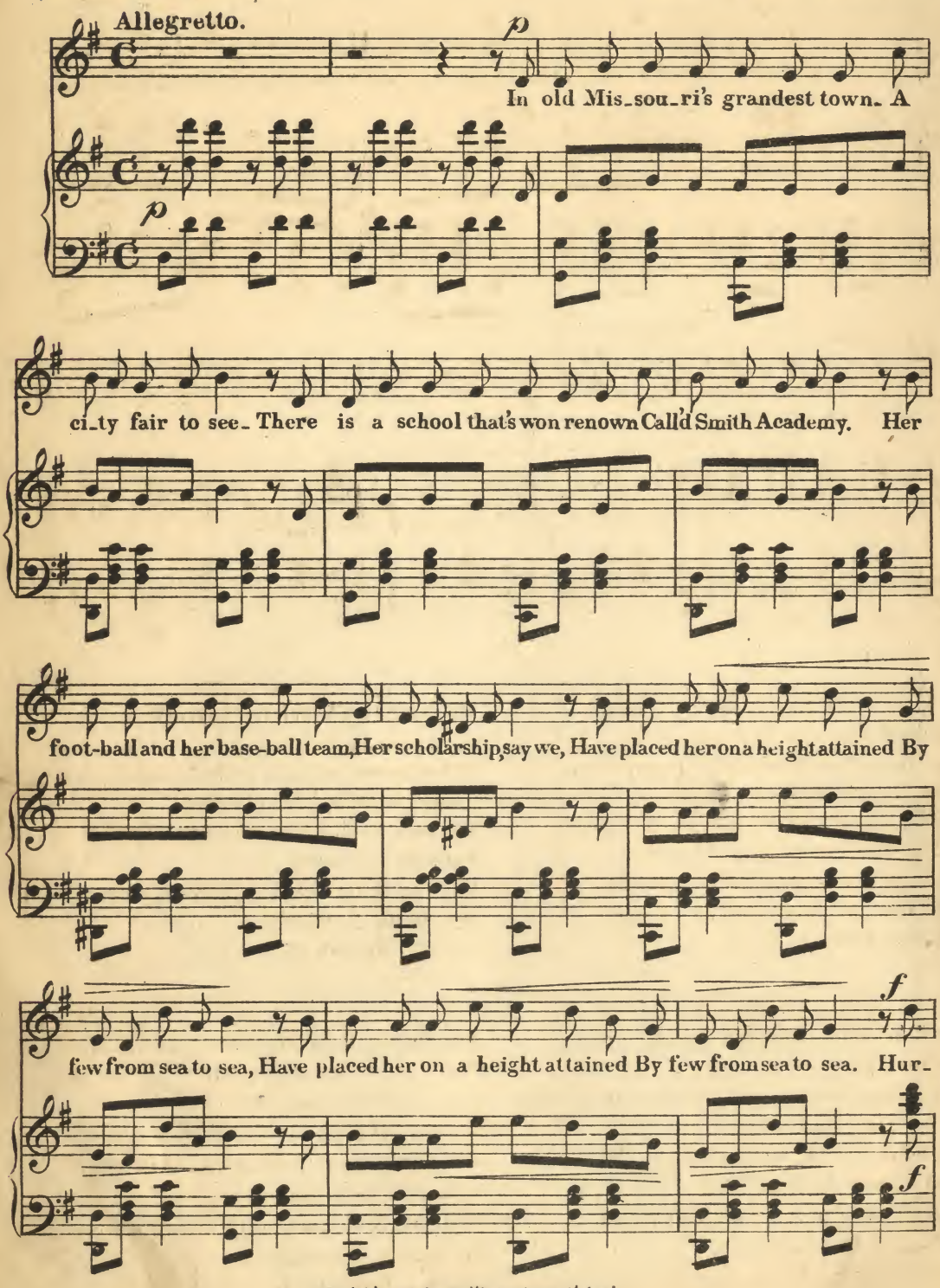
SMITH ACADEMY.

W. S. BELL & SON. Publishers.

818 Olive Street, St. Lonis. Mo'

SMITH ACADEMY.

Words by W. W. GALE. *Music by W. H. POMMER.*



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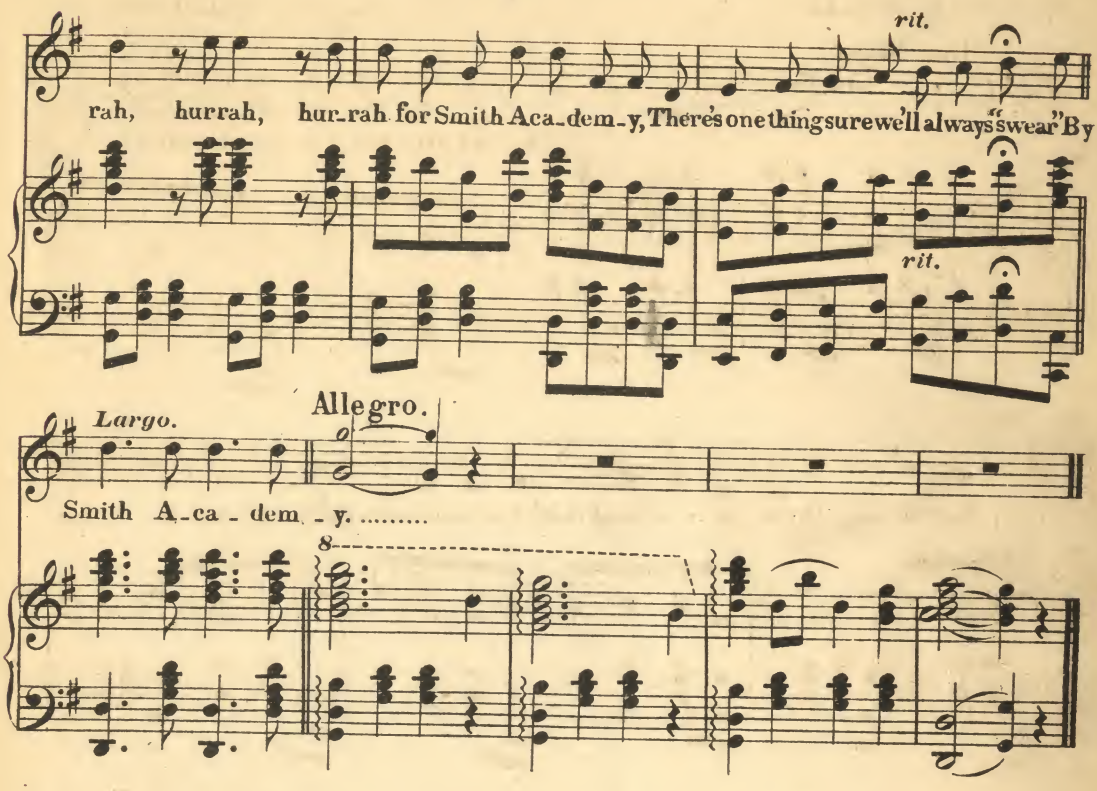


2.

We are a "Priest"-ly lot of "Ladds,"
"Goodfellows" rain or shine,
Yet "Love" to "Gamble" "Pennys" on
Our "Leven" and our "Neun."
We "Turner" handspring in the "Jim"
"Wear" ever red and "White;"
Though not in trade, "Stein-venders" we
Of "Lemps" that's always "Wright."
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

3.

We don't like Latin overmuch
Geometry's a bore,
Greek may have pleased (?) the classic youth
In by-gone days of yore.
We don't get "A," we have some "F's"
And rarely high as "C,"
But all the same we're happy now
In Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

4.

We hear in Chapel many truths
And now and then a rule,
"Confine your pranks to the basement, please,"
"Don't whistle here in school."
We may not smoke, we must as well
Eschew profanity,
But one thing's sure, we'll always "swear"
By Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

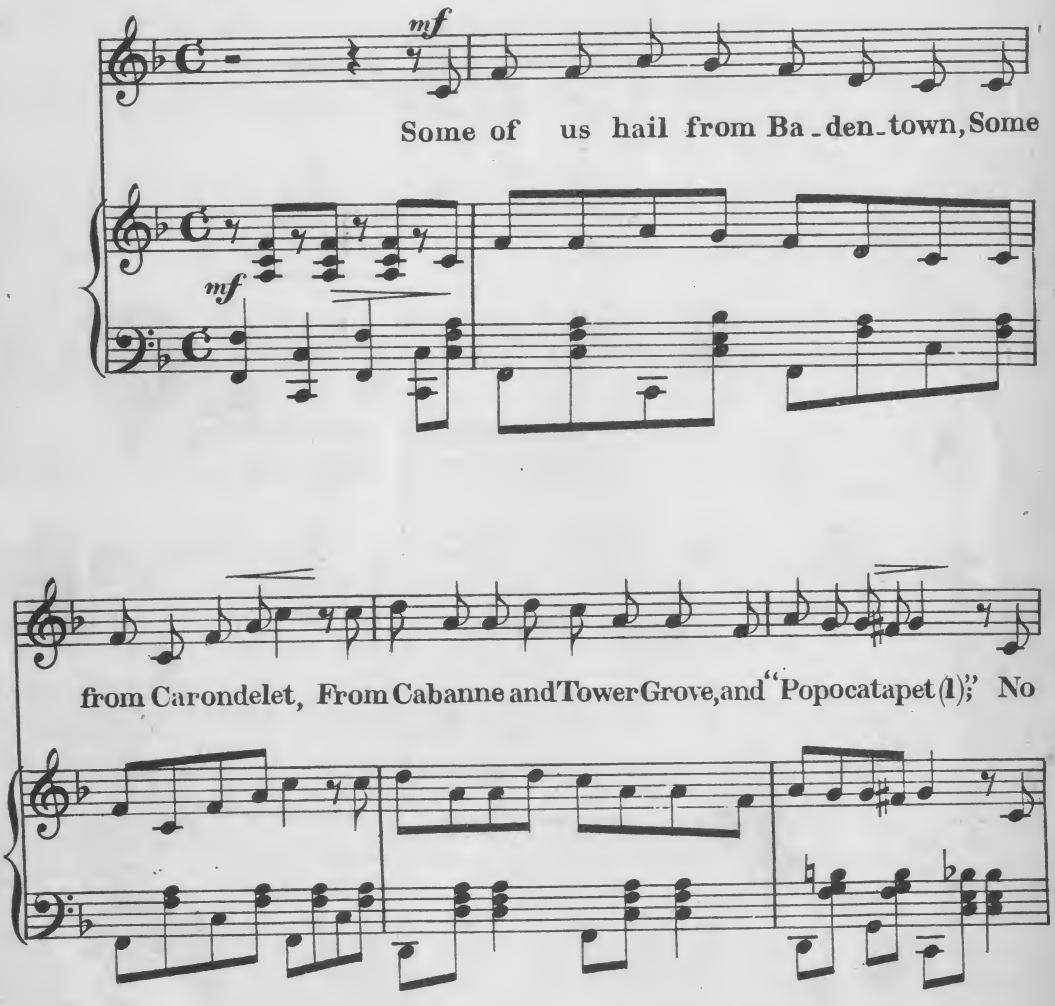
5.

Now let us do with might and main
What 'er we have in hand;
Together work, together play
As a united band.
When boyhood's past and we are men
Where'er or what we be,
We'll oft look back with feelings warm
To Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FAIL.

Music by E. R. KROEGER.

Vivo.



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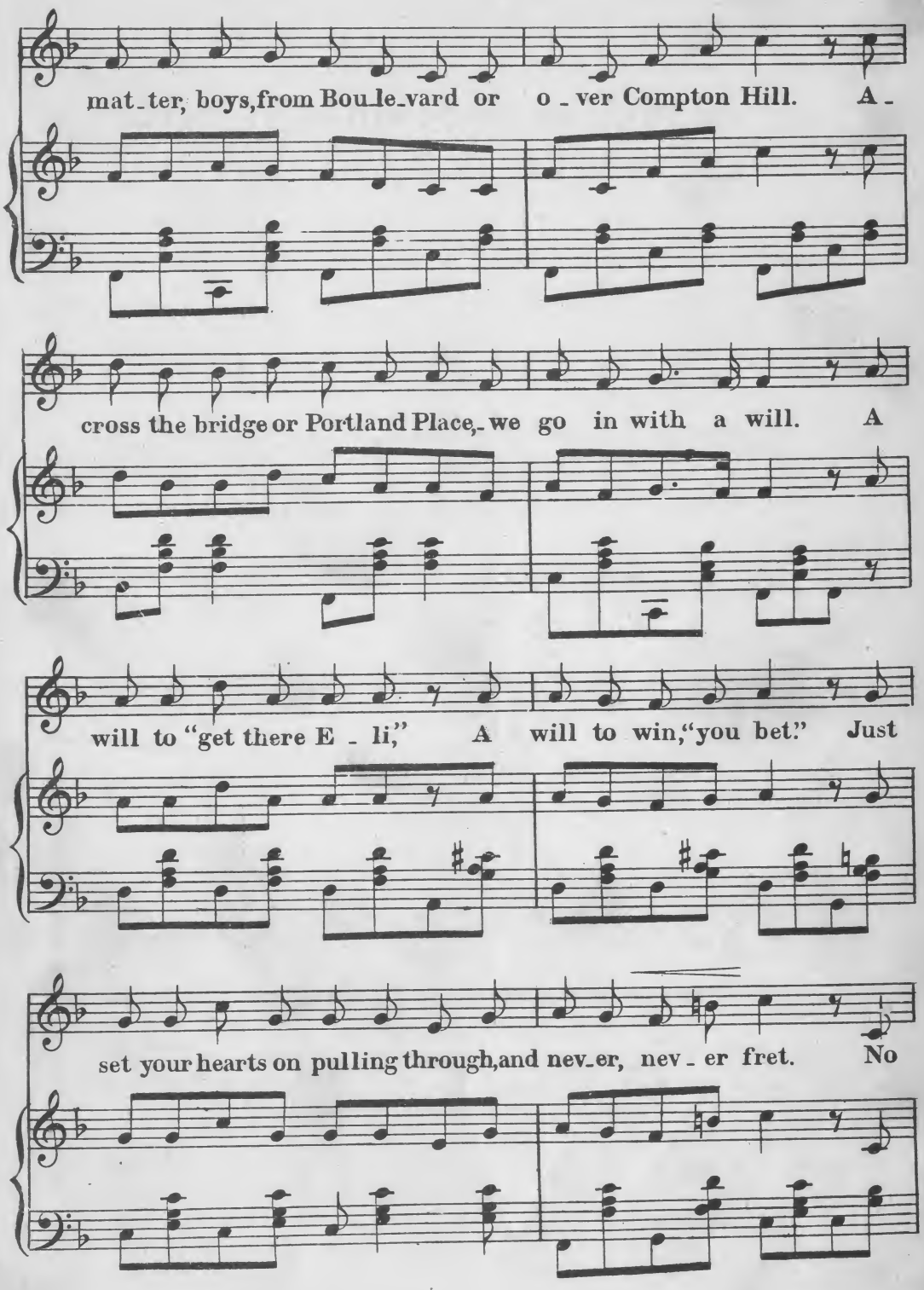
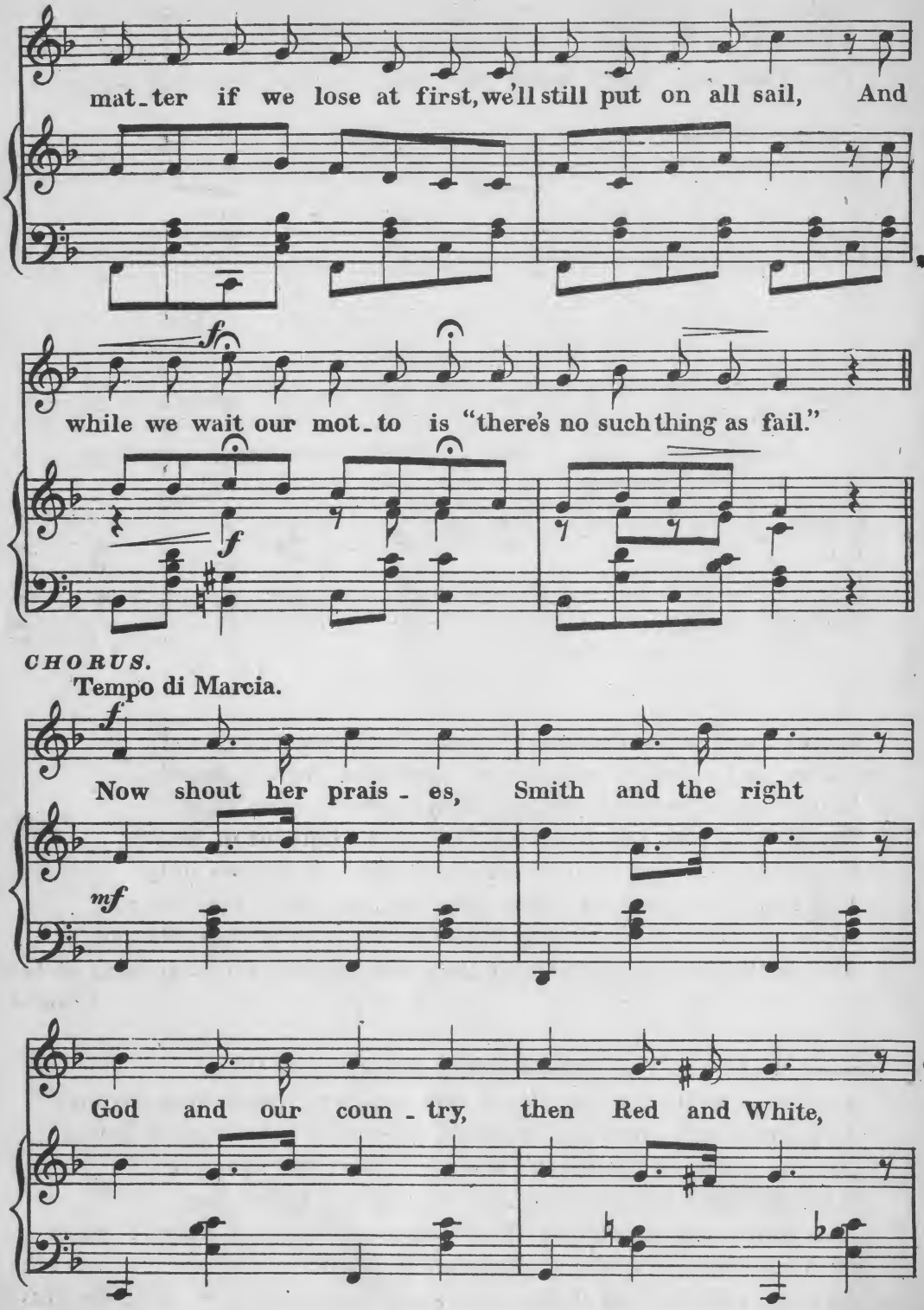
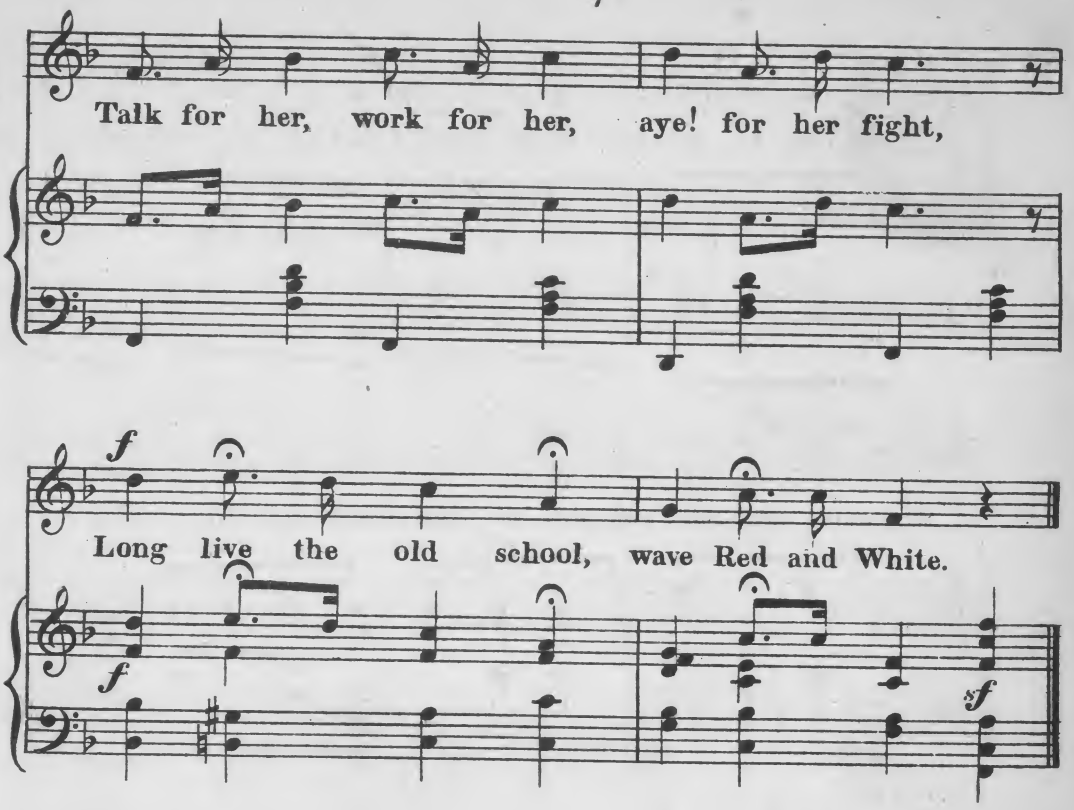

mat_ter, boys, from Bou_le_vard or o_ver Compton Hill. A_
cross the bridge or Portland Place, we go in with a will. A
will to "get there E_li," A will to win, "you bet." Just
set your hearts on pulling through, and nev_er, nev_er fret. No


mat-ter if we lose at first, we'll still put on all sail, And
while we wait our mot-to is "there's no such thing as fail."
CHORUS.
Tempo di Marcia.
Now shout her prais-es, Smith and the right
God and our coun-try, then Red and White,



Some of us "wield the willow" some of us "fly the track."
Others on the court or links or gridiron have a knack.
Others aim at scholarship, and many honors earn.
We "work to win" and never fear "the mid night oil to burn."
In writing we have men of skill, lawyers and doctors too,
And from the deeds of those gone out, we ever take our cue.
Some of our men were warriors bold, with Otis they did sail,
And as they sailed and fought they sang, "there's no such thing as fail."

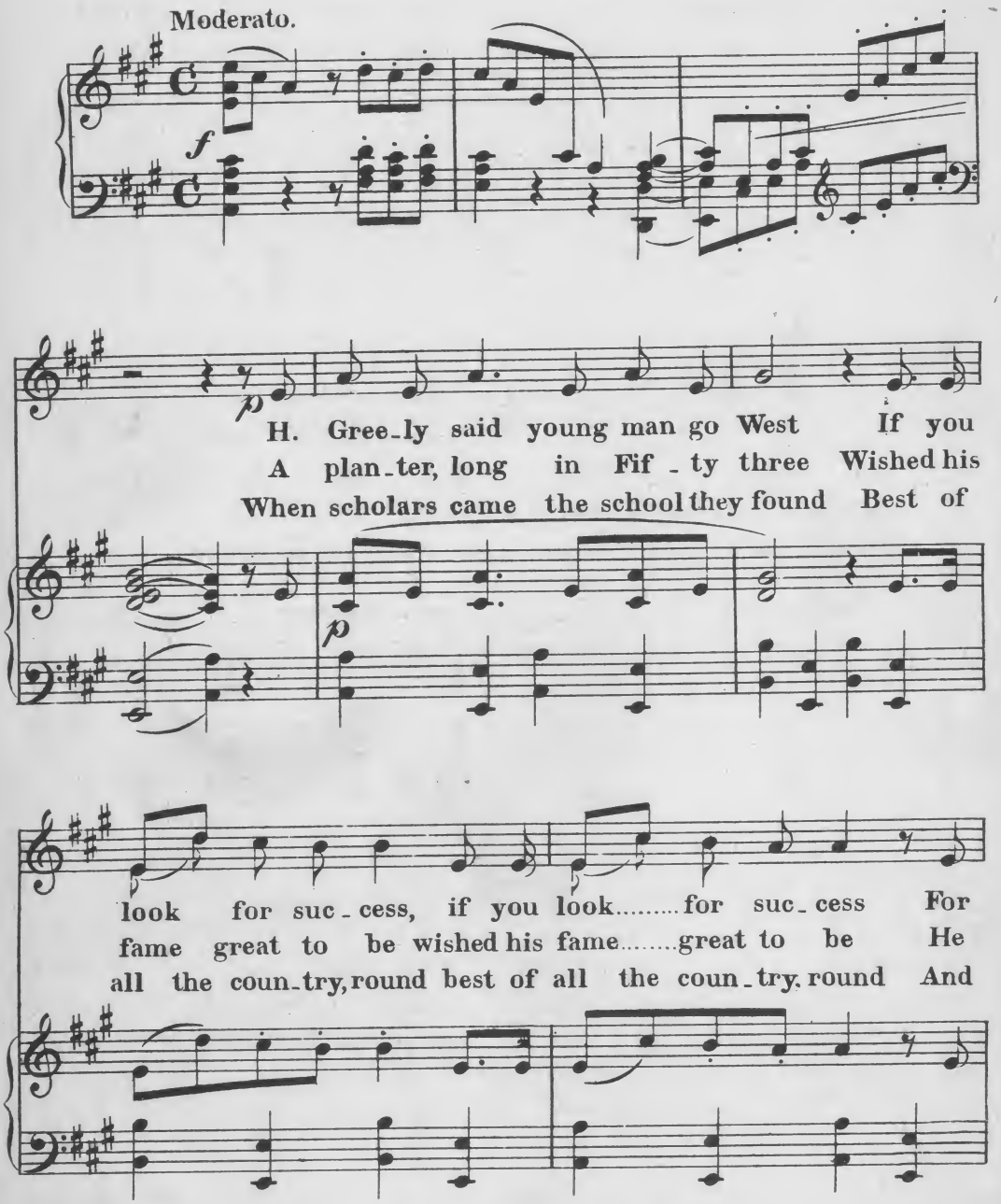
Chorus.

Some will go to Washington, they'll loyal be and true,
And some will seek the tiger's lair, and help "put Pennsy through."
And some will wear the crimson, some sing the songs of Yale,
And try to "take the Injun's scalp," or "twist the tiger's tail."
More yet will follow Churchill to sail the briny deep,
And some will muster at West Point, the soldiers guard to keep
At Vanderbilt, Virginia, at Amherst a detail,
Just everywhere they'll sing this song, "there's no such thing as fail."

Chorus.

MANY YEARS AGO.

Music by W. H. POMMER.



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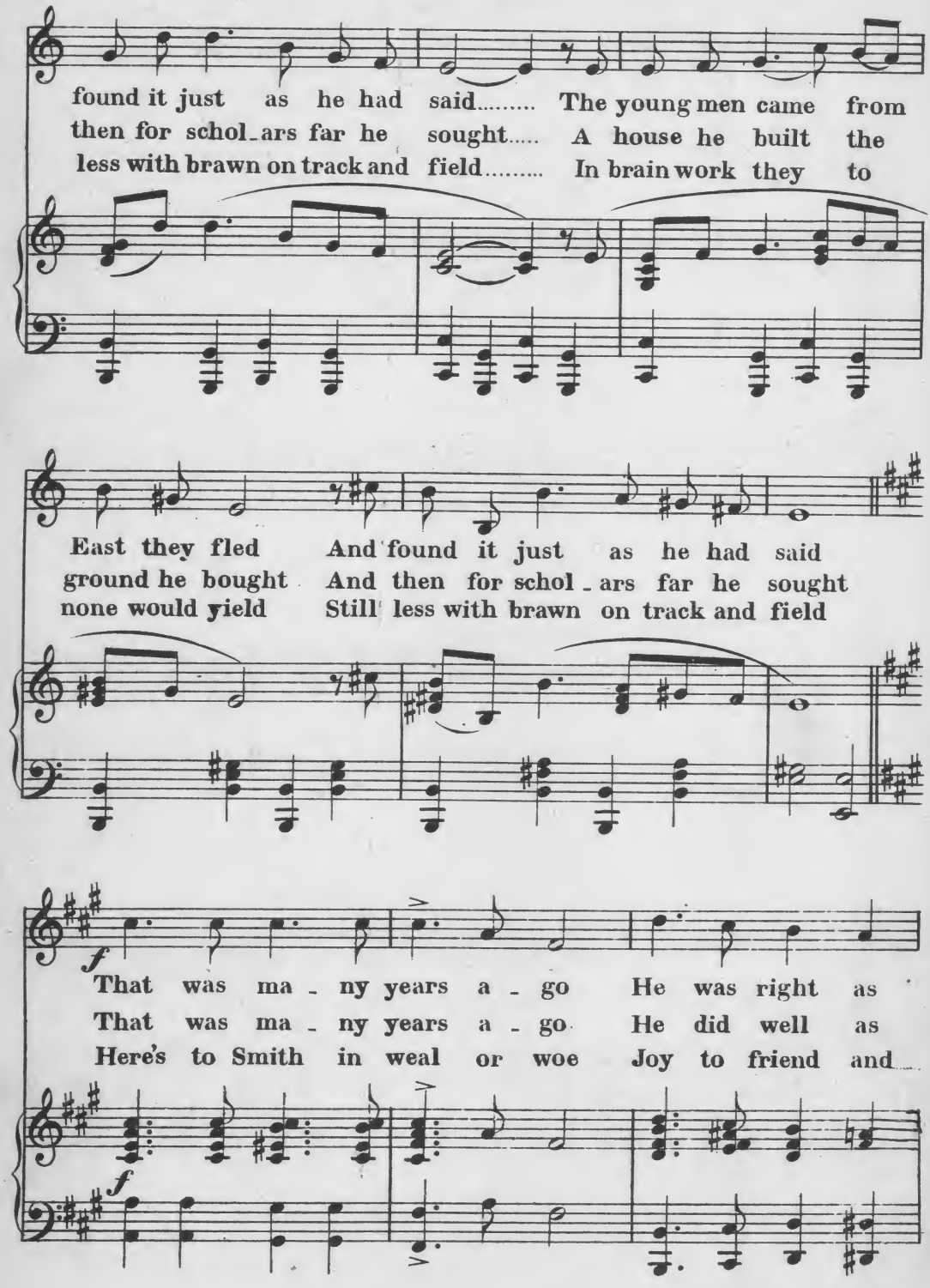
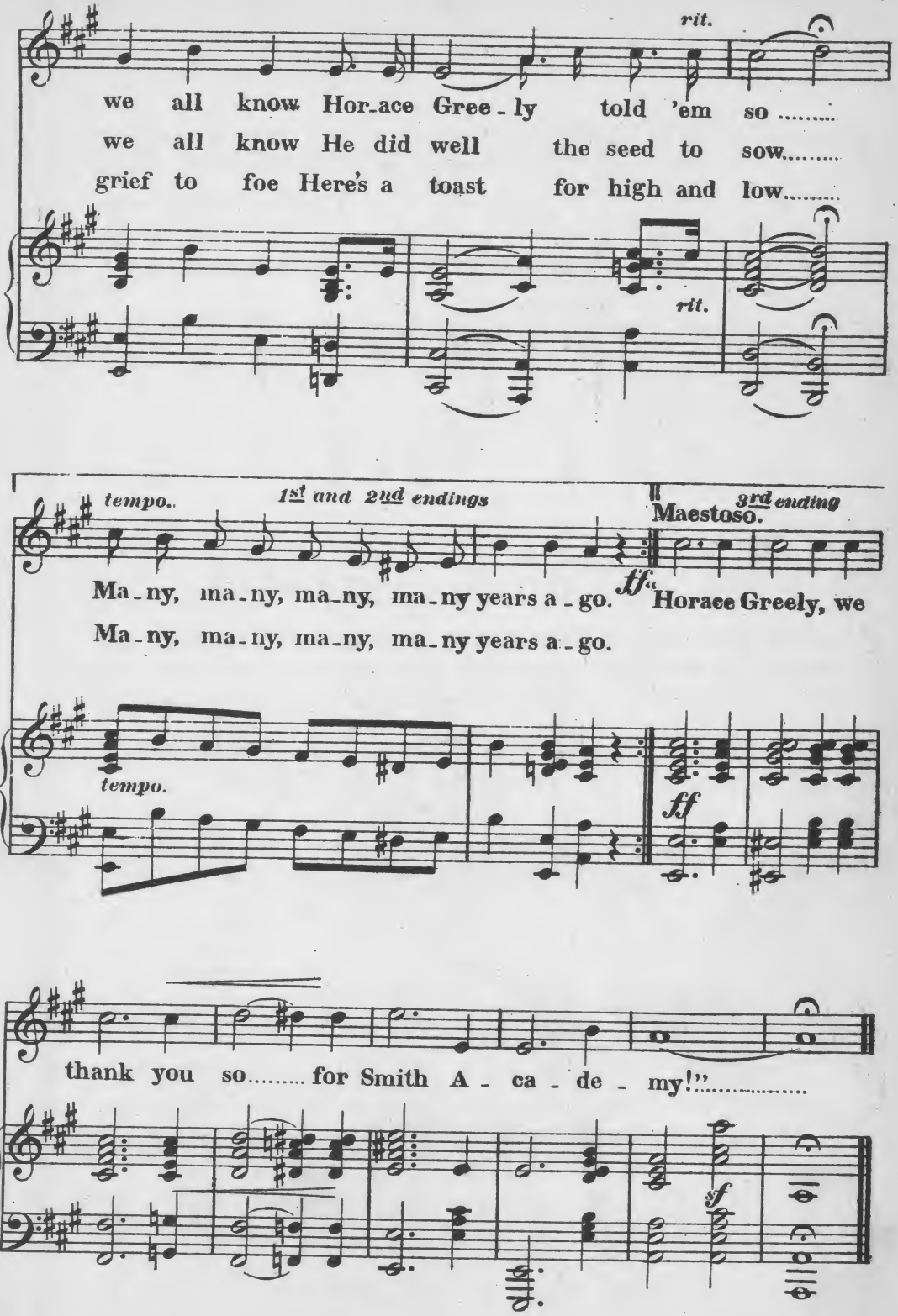
there they make none but the best Wise.....
plan - ted Smith A - ca - de - my Might-y
king of all its ri - vals crowned They.....

men con - fess Wise..... men con - fess." The
wise was he Might-y wise was he. A
let its prais-es sound They..... let its prais-es sound. In

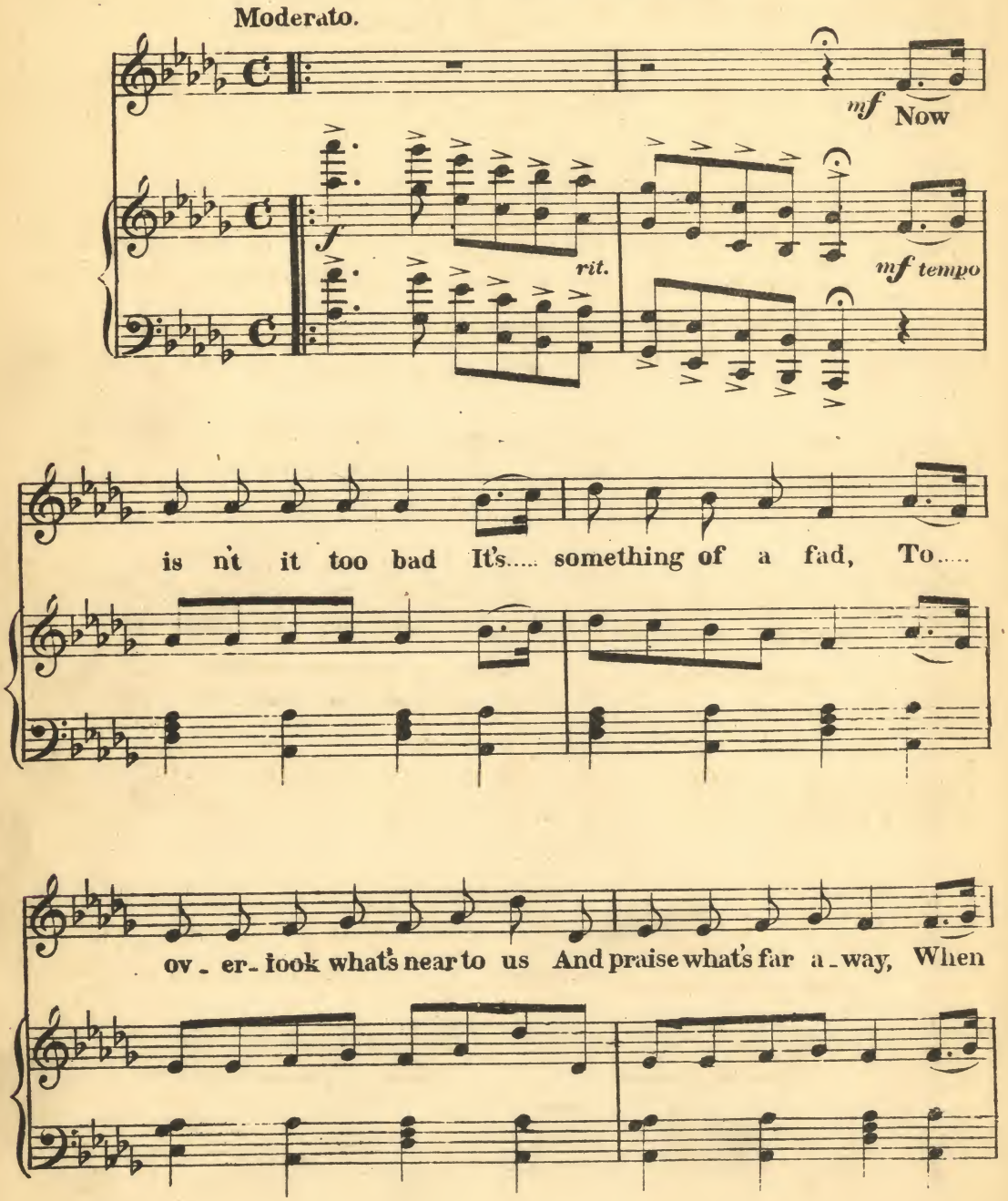
young men came..... from..... East they fled And
house he built,..... the..... ground he bought And
brain work they ..... to..... none would yield Still


found it just as he had said..... The young men came from
then for schol_ars far he sought..... A house he built the
less with brawn on track and field..... In brain work they to
East they fled And found it just as he had said
ground he bought And then for schol_ars far he sought
none would yield Still less with brawn on track and field
f
That was ma_ny years a_go He was right as
That was ma_ny years a_go He did well as
Here's to Smith in weal or woe Joy to friend and
f


rit.
we all know Hor-ace Gree-ly told 'em so .....
we all know He did well the seed to sow.....
grief to foe Here's a toast for high and low.....
rit.
tempo.
1st and 2nd endings
3rd ending
Maestoso.
Ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny years a-go.
ff
Horace Greely, we
Ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny years a-go.
tempo.
ff
thank you so..... for Smith A-ca-de-my!".....
sf

BELLS OF SILVER, BELLS OF GOLD.

Words and Music by W. H. POMMER.



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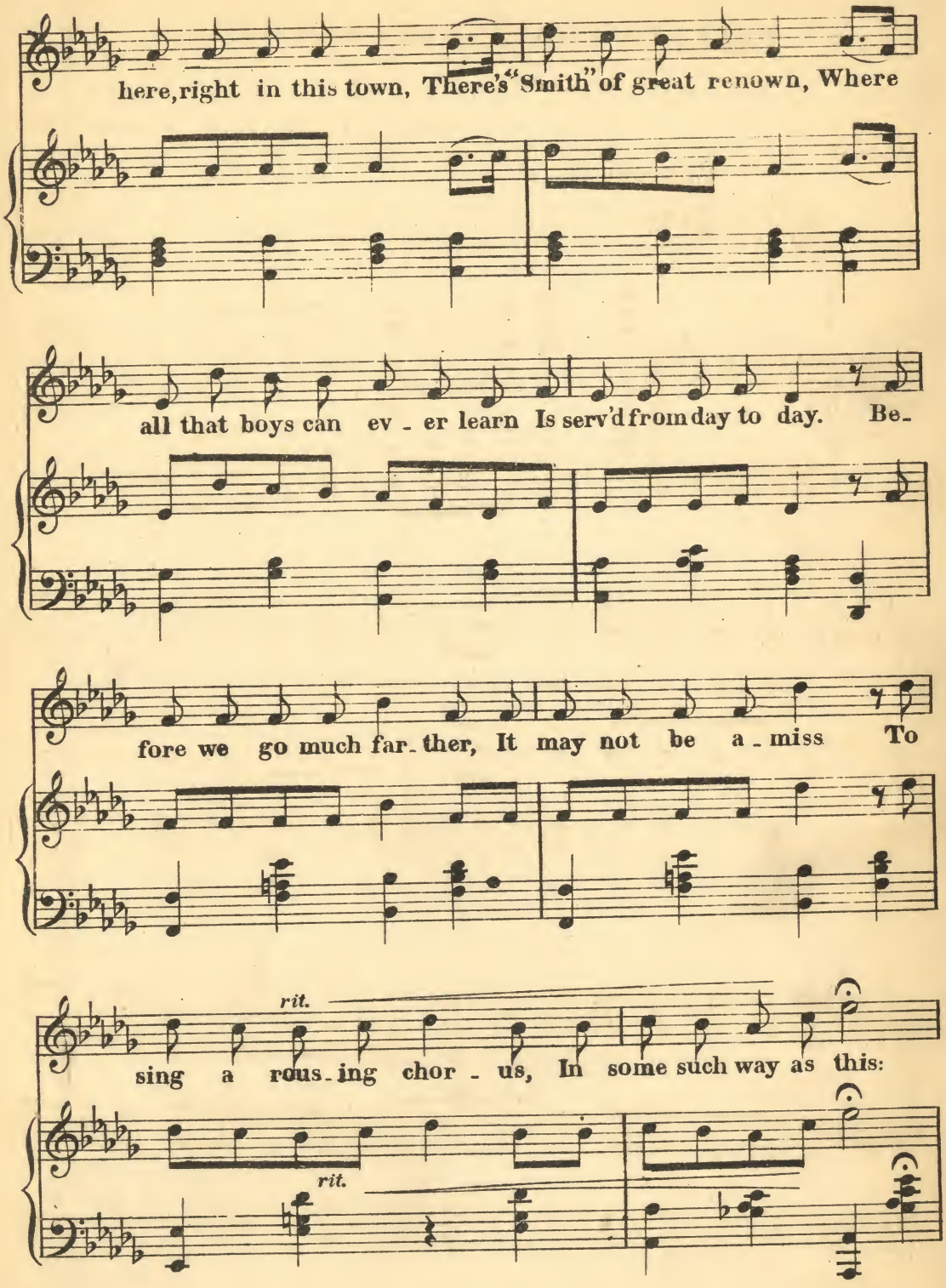
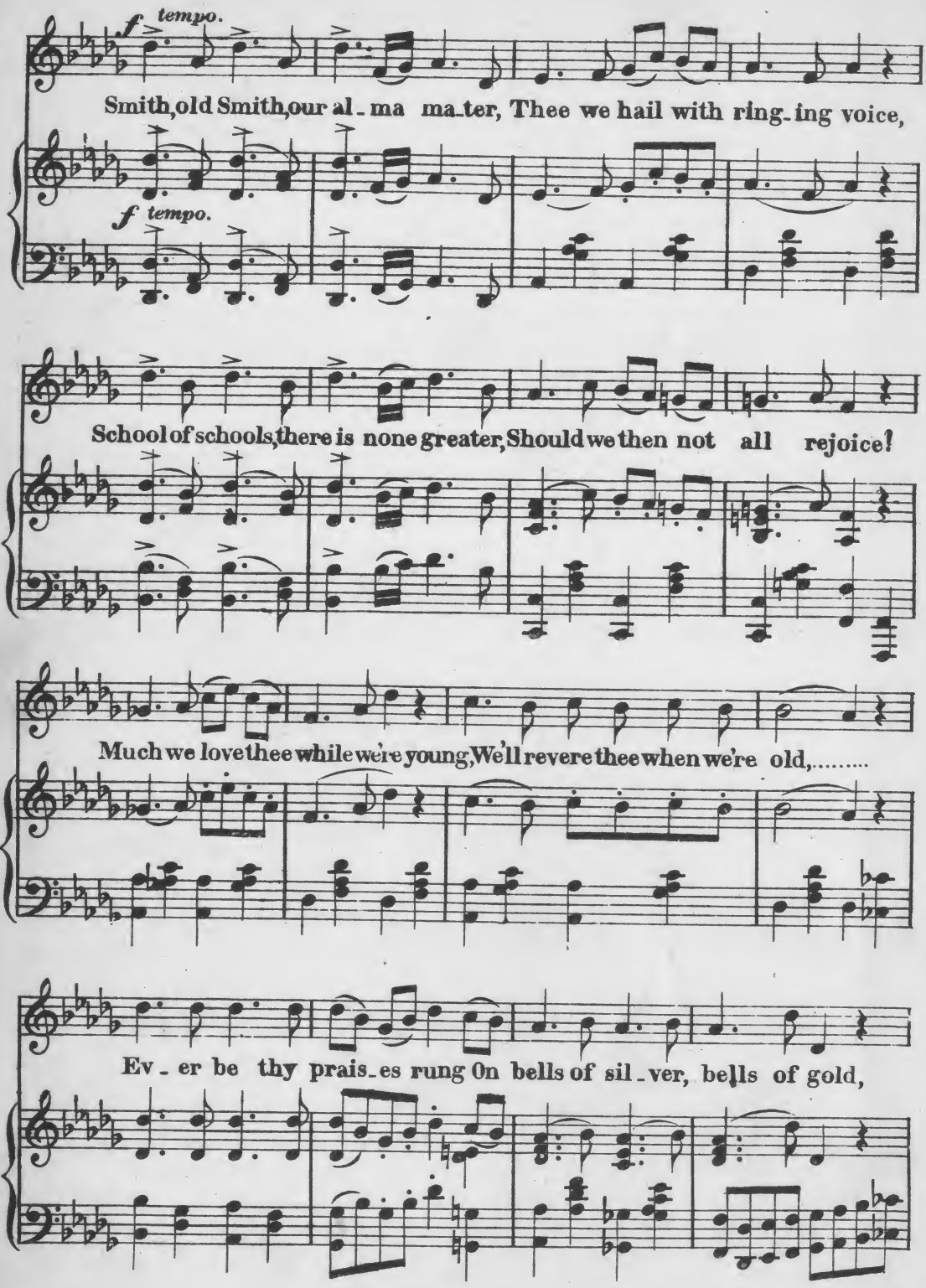
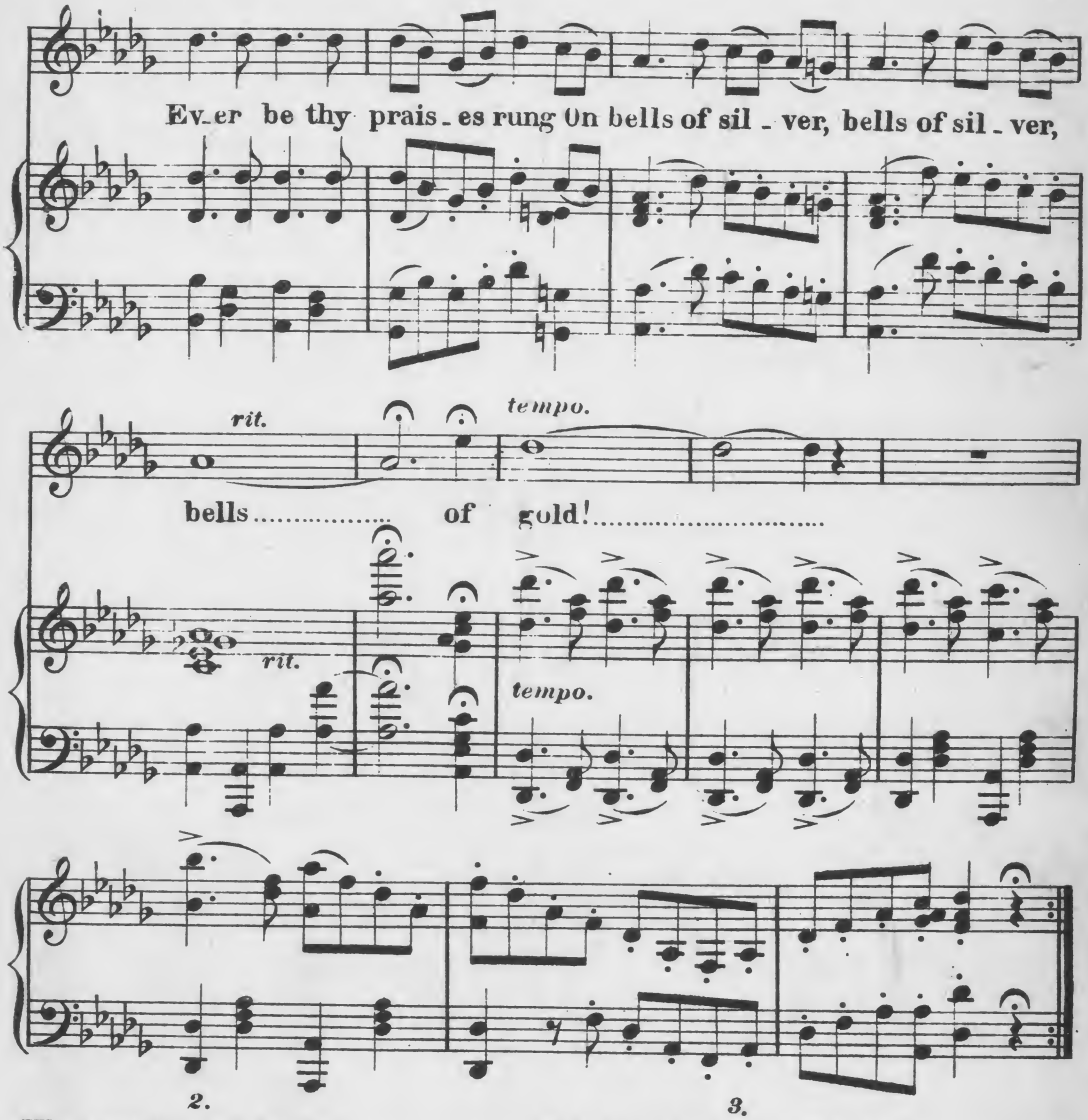

here, right in this town, There's "Smith" of great renown, Where
all that boys can ev - er learn Is serv'd from day to day. Be-
fore we go much far - ther, It may not be a - miss To
rit.
sing a rous - ing chor - us, In some such way as this:
rit.


f tempo.
Smith, old Smith, our al - ma ma - ter, Thee we hail with ring - ing voice,
f tempo.
School of schools, there is none greater, Should we then not all rejoice!
Much we love thee while we're young, We'll revere thee when we're old,.....
Ev - er be thy prais - es rung On bells of sil - ver, bells of gold,



2.

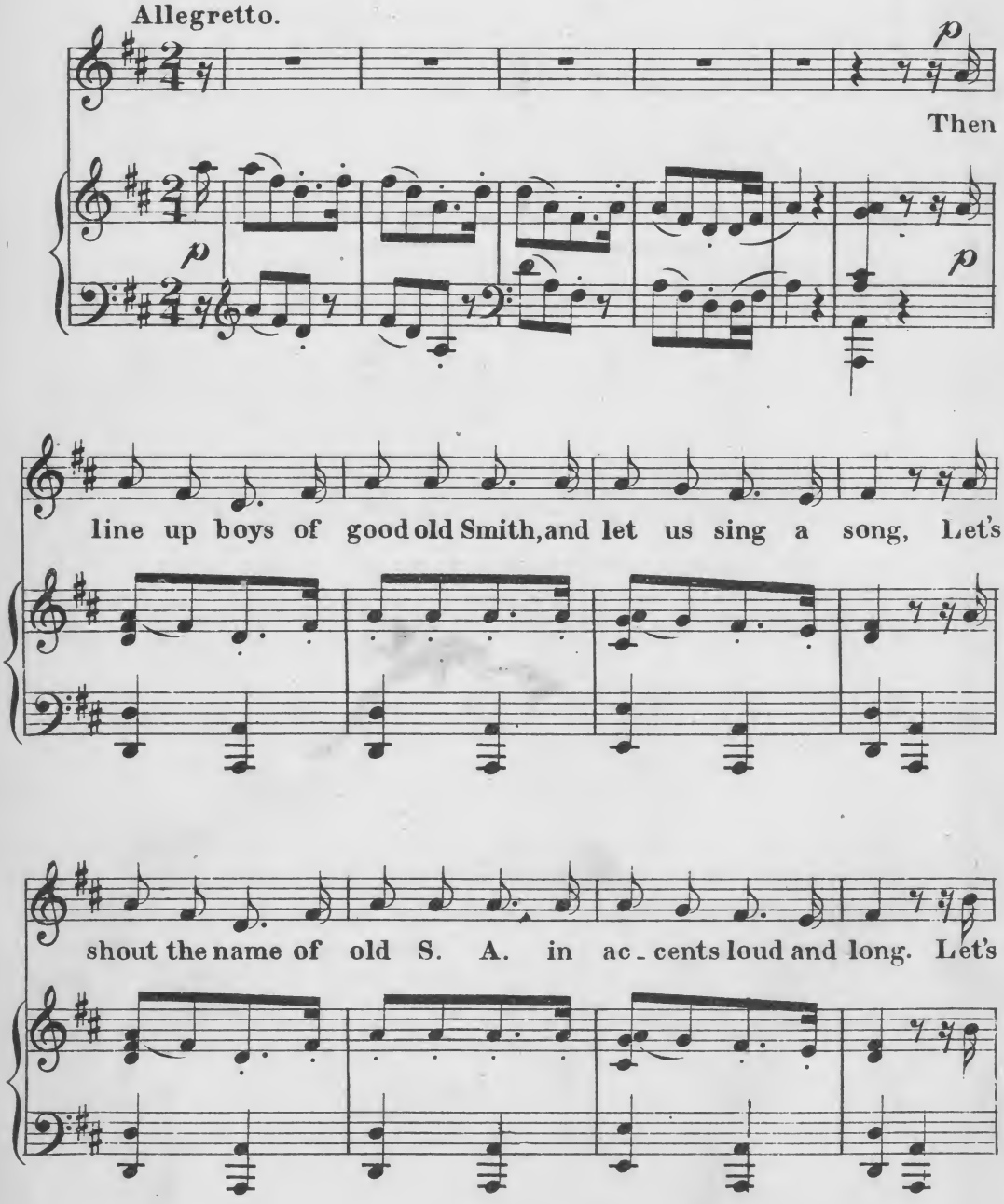
We exercise our brains
And study with great pains,
To carry off the scholarship
One longs for, seldom gets;
(We'll sav in an aside,
It's balm to wounded pride,
To see our names high on the list
Of S. A. Foot Ball Vets.)
As this is quite consoling,
It may not be amiss
Again to sing the chorus,
With heartiness like this:
Smith, old Smith etc.

3.

Ah, how we drive the nail
(To clinch we never fail,)
When hammering the many teams
We meet upon the field.
Success like ours, 'tis plain,
Is due to muscle, brain,
Esprit de corps, unflinching grit,
Which make our foemen yield.
In summing up the matter
It may not be amiss
To vent our satisfaction,
The only way is this:
Smith, old Smith etc.

THE RED AND WHITE.

Music by W. H. POMMER.



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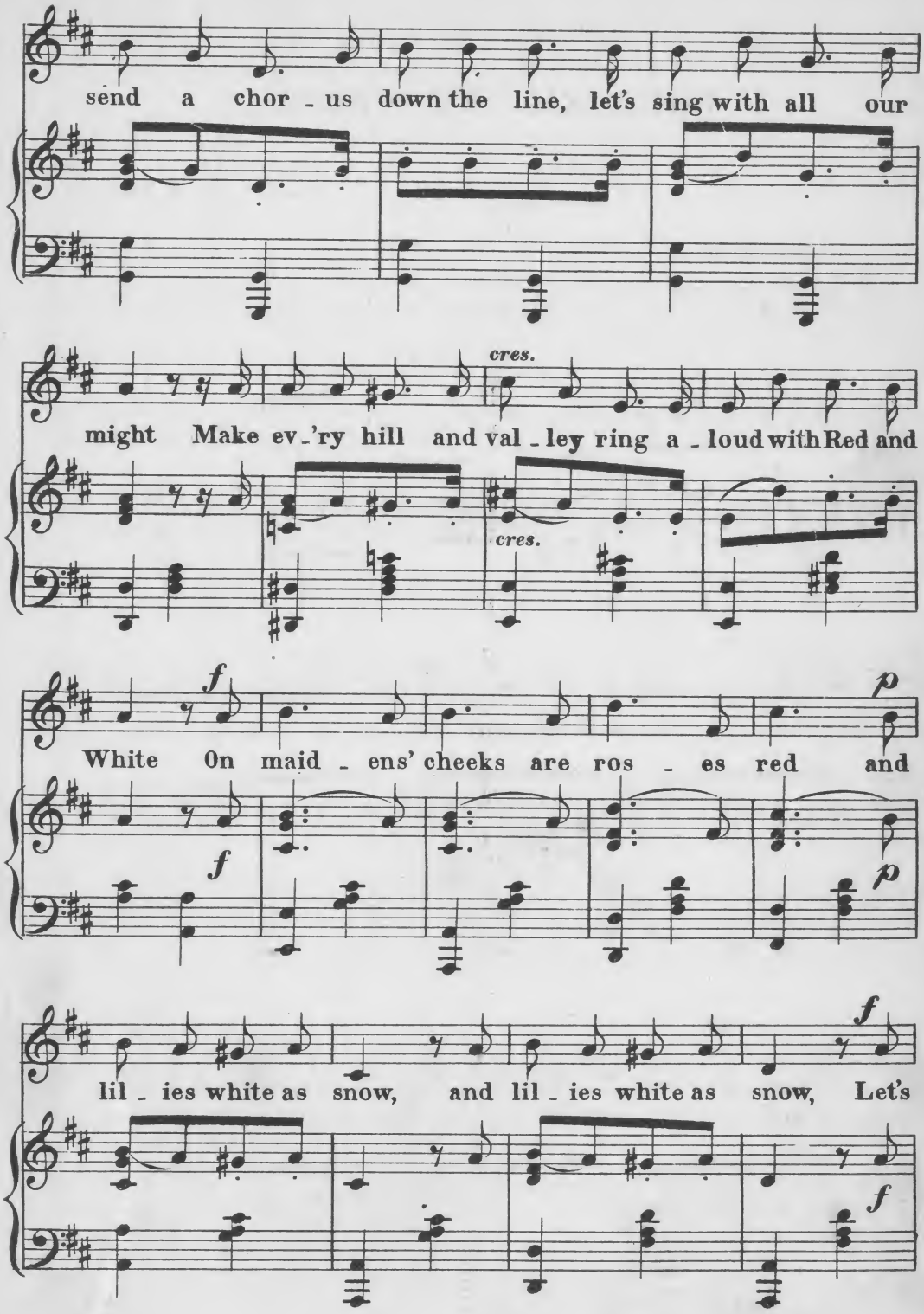
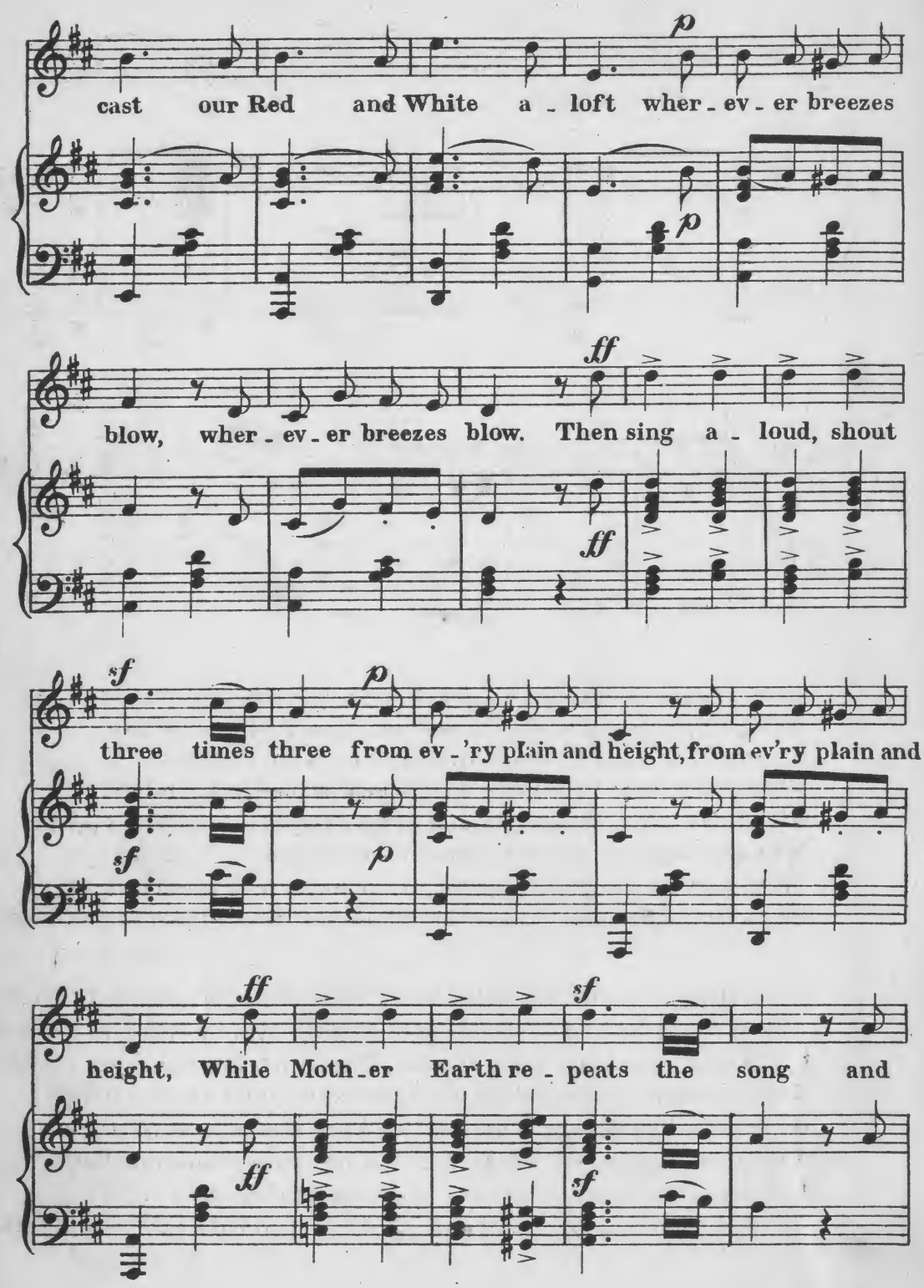
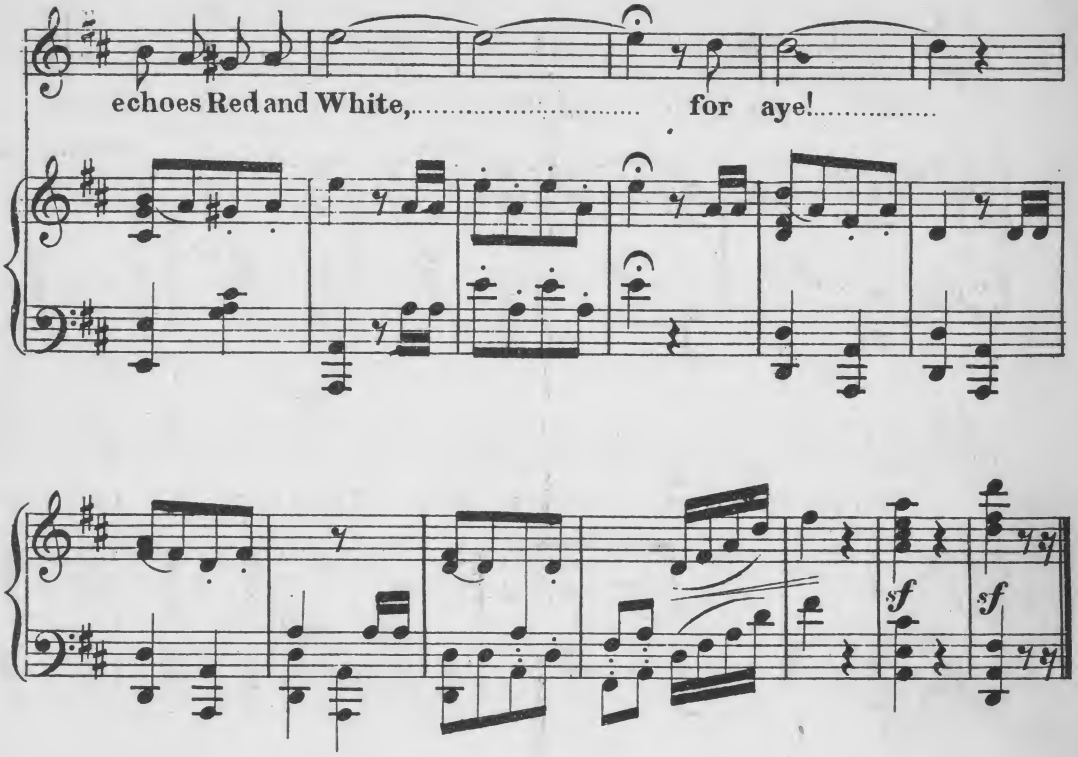

send a chor - us down the line, let's sing with all our
might Make ev-'ry hill and val - ley ring a - loud with Red and
cres.
cres.
White On maid - ens' cheeks are ros - es red and
f
p
f
p
lil - ies white as snow, and lil - ies white as snow, Let's
f
f


cast our Red and White a - loft wher - ev - er breezes
blow, wher - ev - er breezes blow. Then sing a - loud, shout
three times three from ev - 'ry plain and height, from ev'ry plain and
height, While Moth - er Earth re - peats the song and



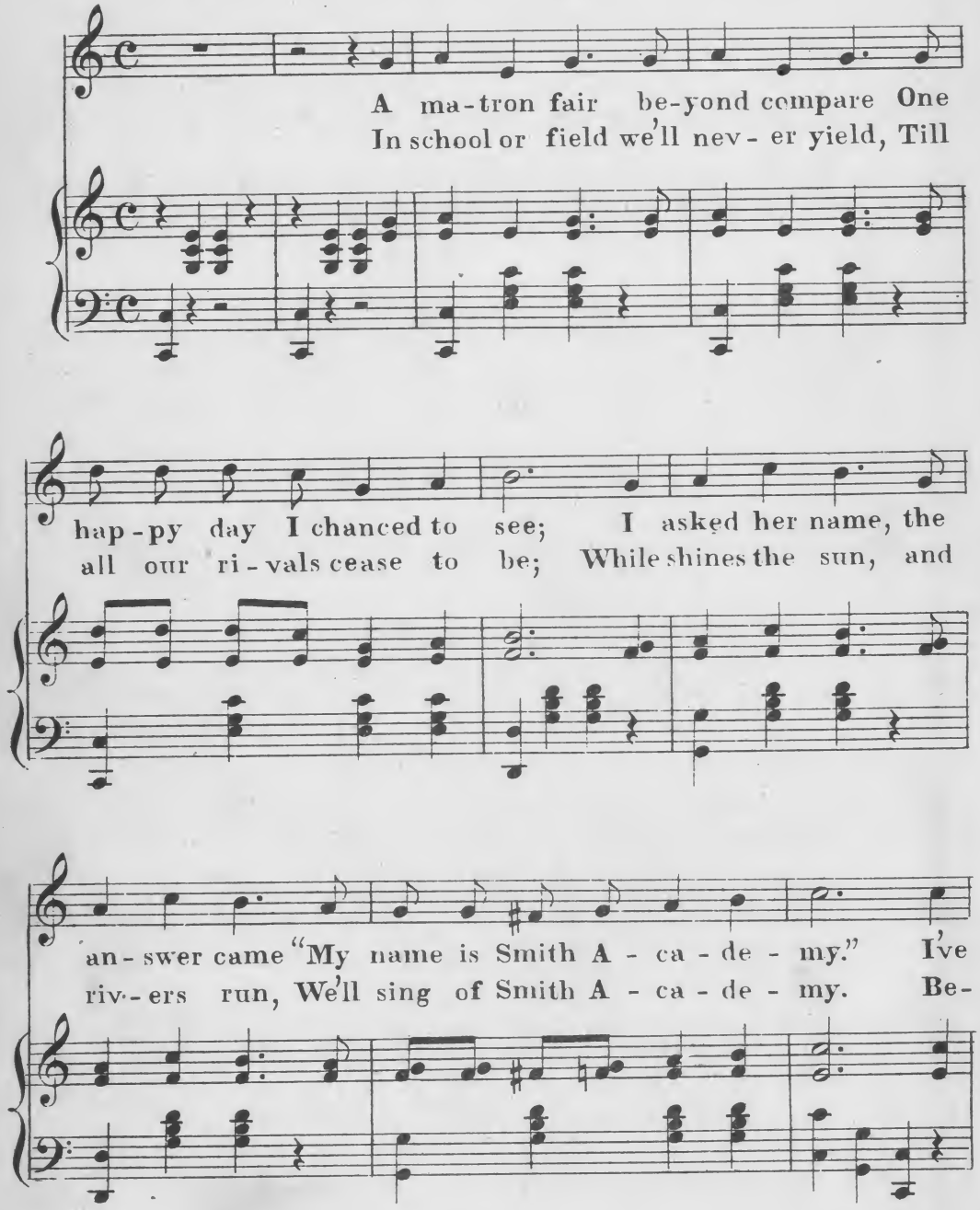
2.

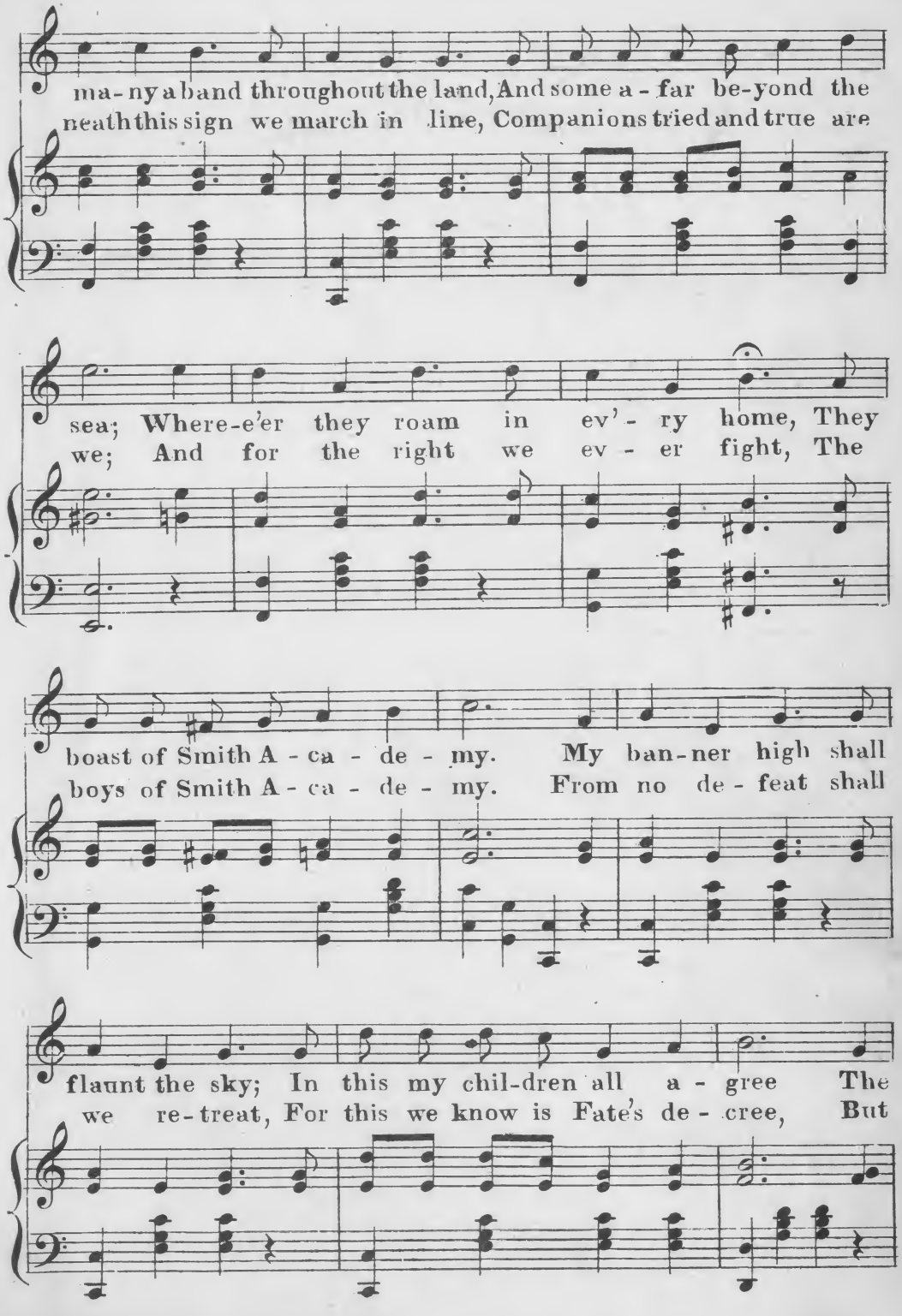
Then fling our banner to the breeze, we love its colors bright,
O! sing it long in voices strong our own dear Red and White,
In games we have a record that we long expect to hold
We'll call it back to mem'ry dear when we are gray and old.
We oft have borne the Red and White victorious past the posts
'Mid shouting throng and plaudits long from our united hosts
We've known the joy of victory in many a well-earned fight,
Then sing aloud, shout three time three, for dear old Red and White,
for aye!

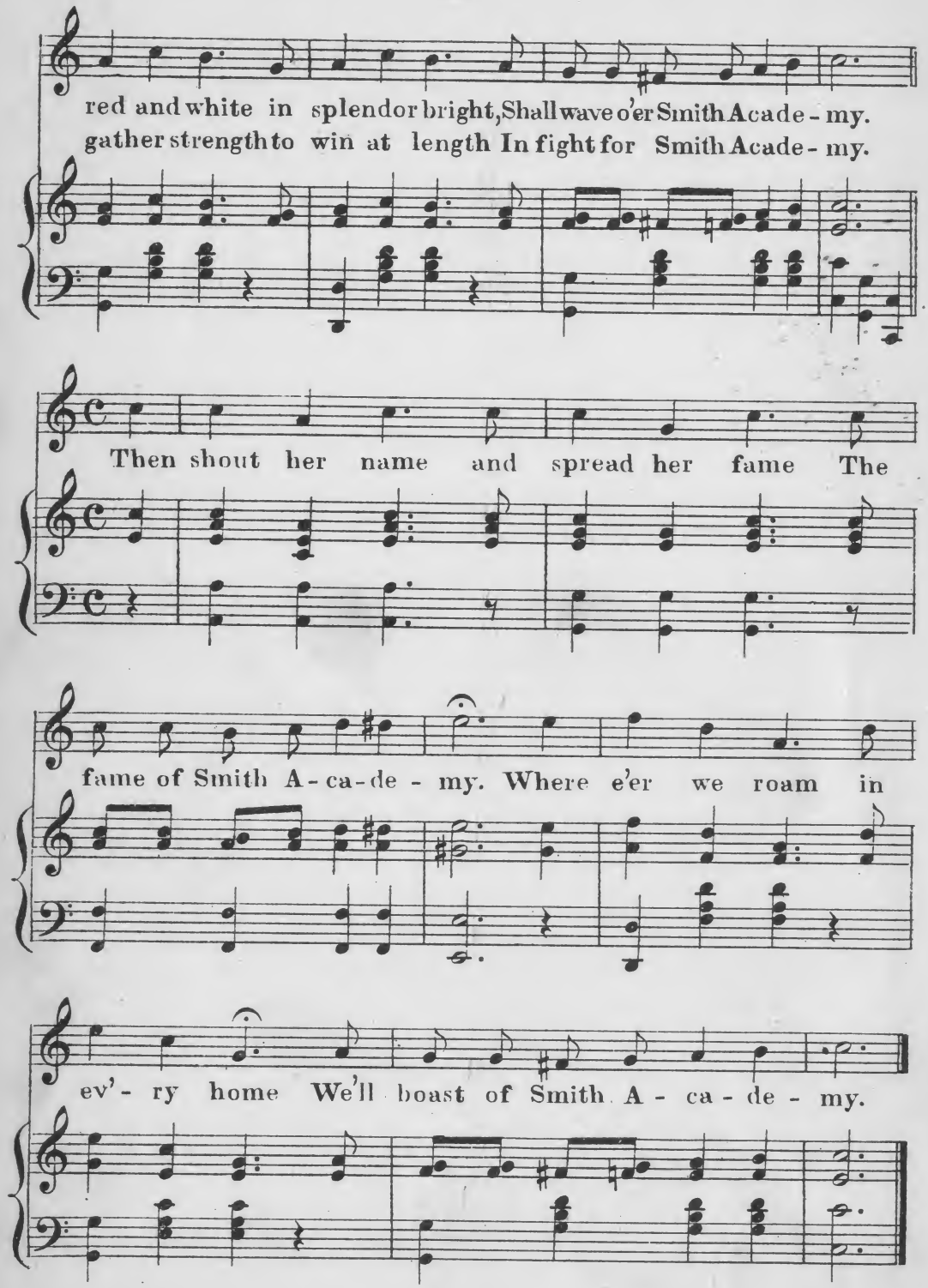
3.

Then sing aloud for Smith my boys, the school that stands for right
Where oft we've played and sung and toiled while wearing red and white
In all that's good and great and just let's reach the top-most round
'Mong scholars rare and athletes fair our names be ever found
On diamond green and foot ball field our courage never fails
Through rugged seas of stern defeat our ship triumphant sails
But when the eagle of success lights on our banner bright
We'll make the welkin ring and ring with good old Red and White,
for aye!

OUR ALMA MATER.




ma-ny a band throughout the land, And some a-far be-yond the
neath this sign we march in line, Companions tried and true are
sea; Where-e'er they roam in ev'-ry home, They
we; And for the right we ev-er fight, The
boast of Smith A-ca-de-my. My ban-ner high shall
boys of Smith A-ca-de-my. From no de-feat shall
flaunt the sky; In this my chil-dren all a-gree The
we re-treat, For this we know is Fate's de-cree, But


red and white in splendor bright, Shall wave o'er Smith Acade - my.
gather strength to win at length In fight for Smith Acade - my.
Then shout her name and spread her fame The
fame of Smith A - ca - de - my. Where e'er we roam in
ev' - ry home We'll boast of Smith A - ca - de - my.

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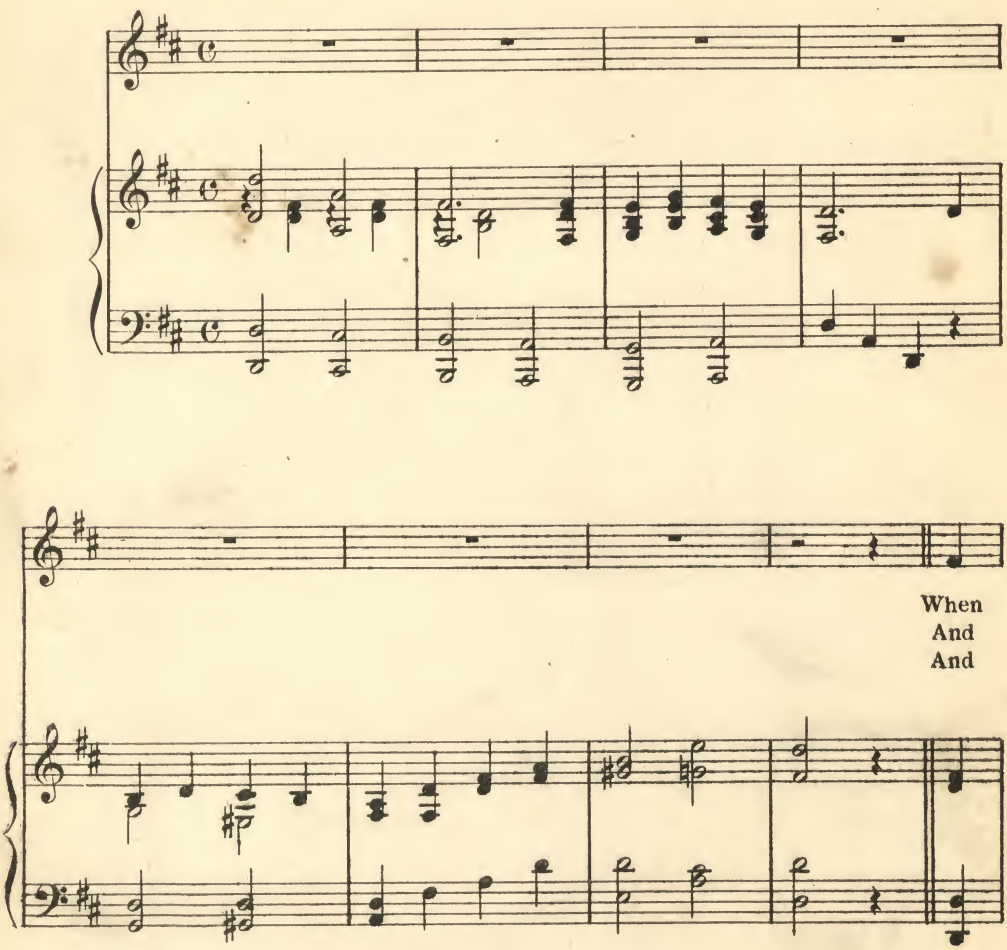
SMARTS.
1911 CLASS

Pull for good Old Smith!

Words and Music by

MELVIN GOLDMAN.
Of the Third Year Class.



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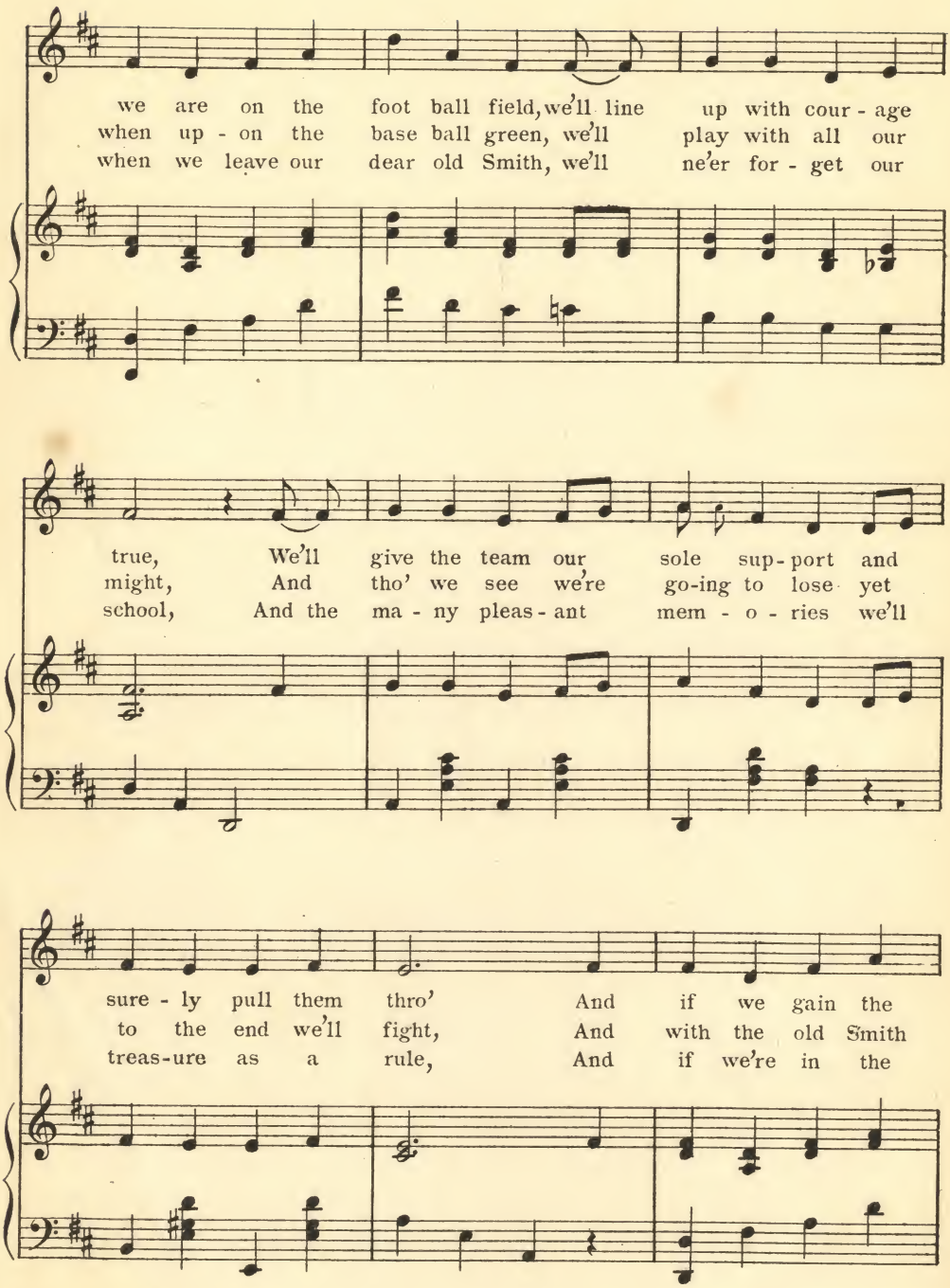
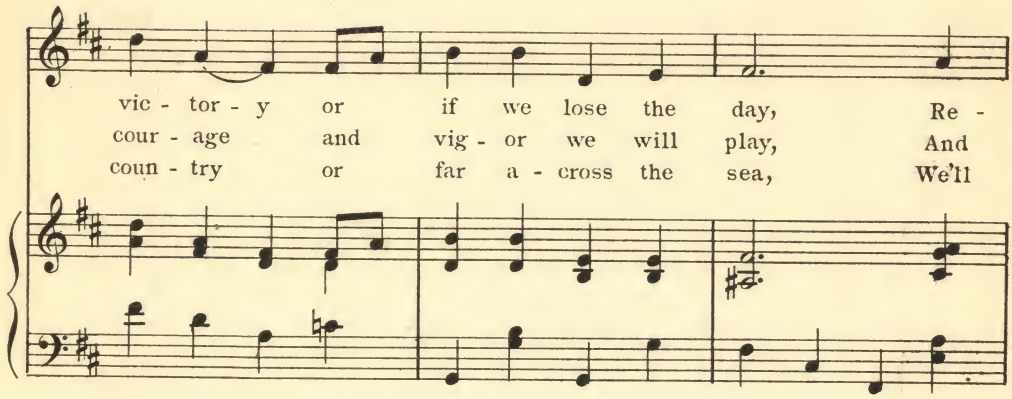
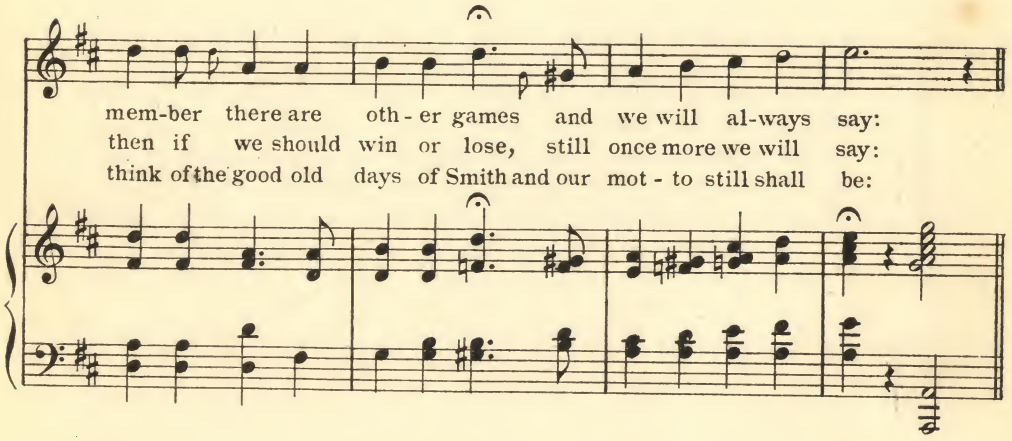
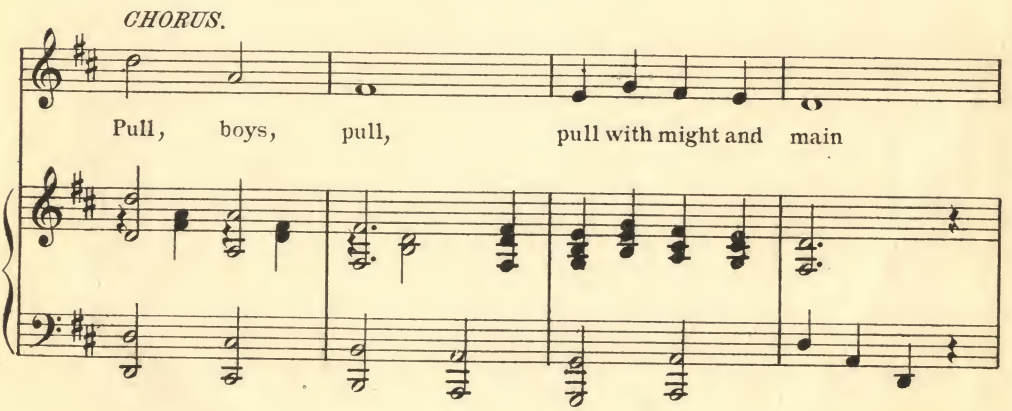


Pull for etc. 4







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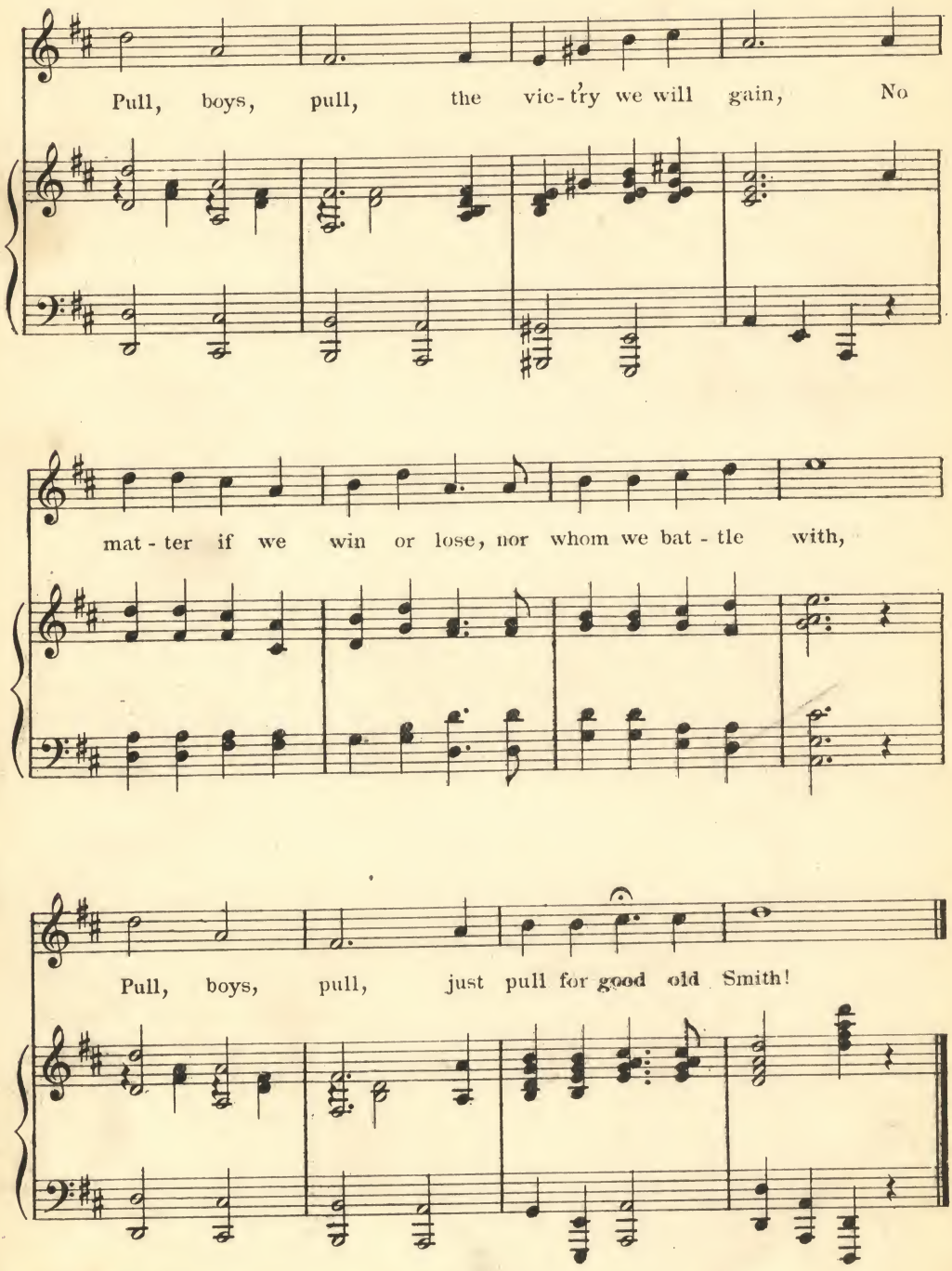
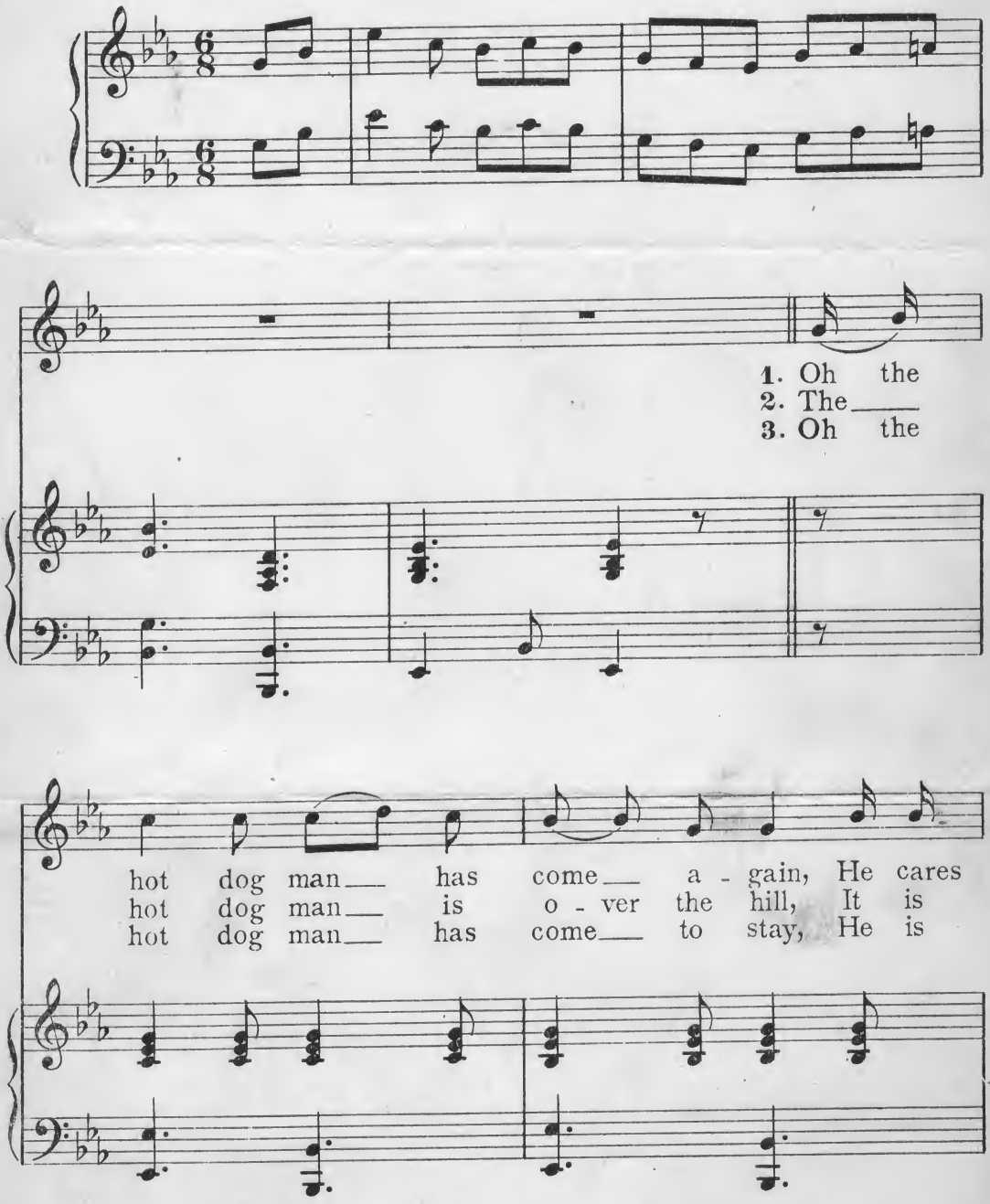


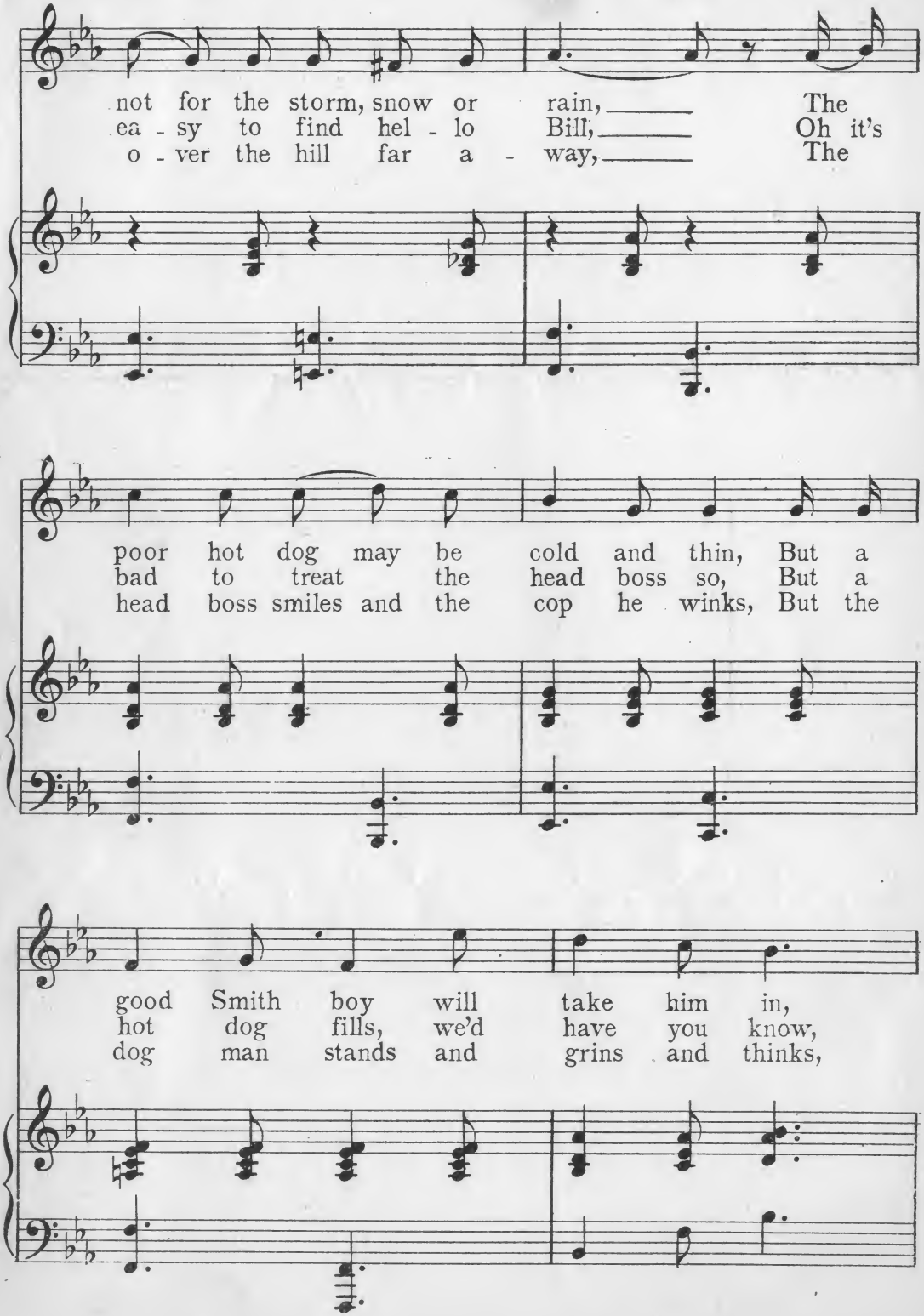
Pull for etc. 4

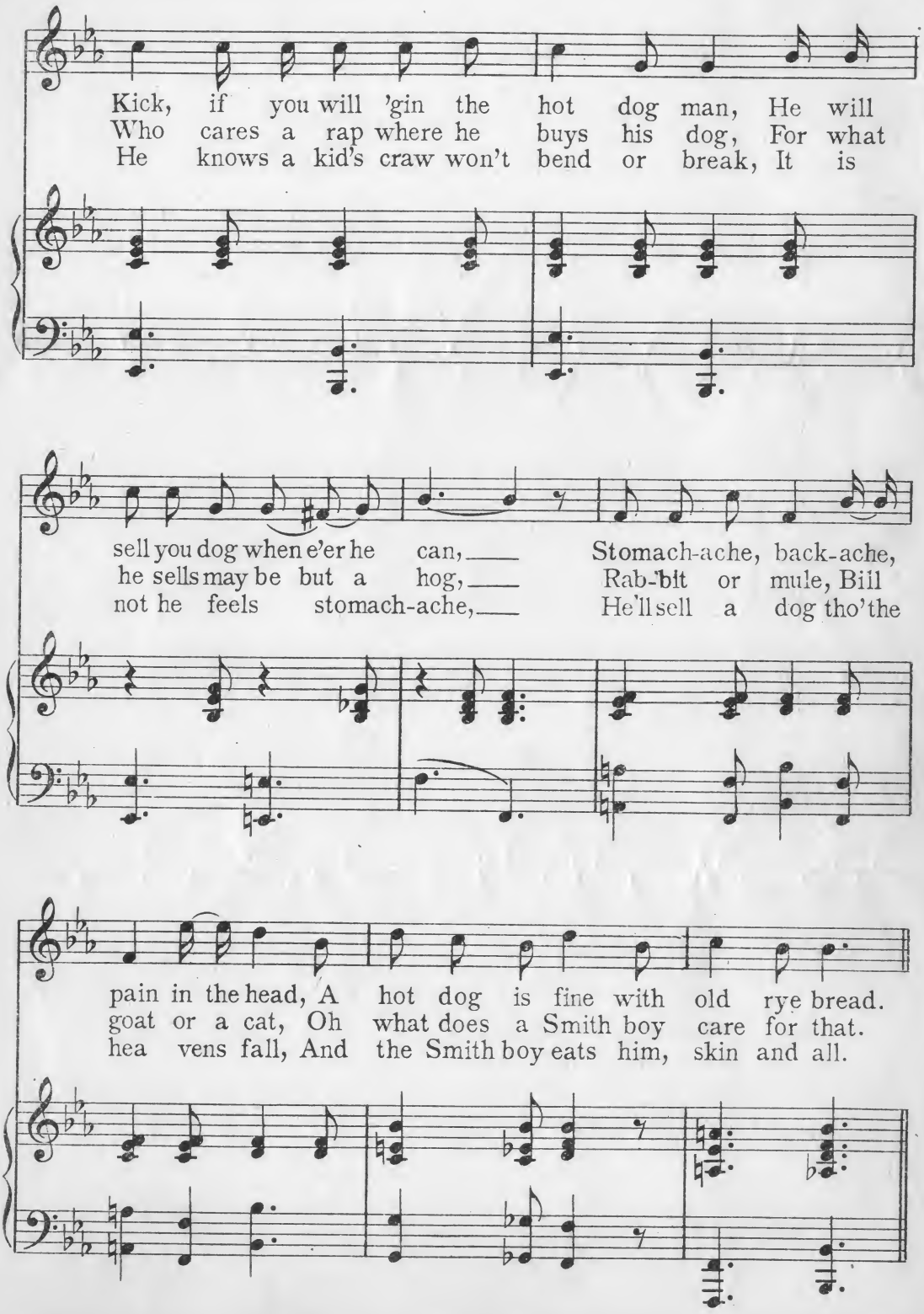
"Hello Bill, the Hot Dog Man."

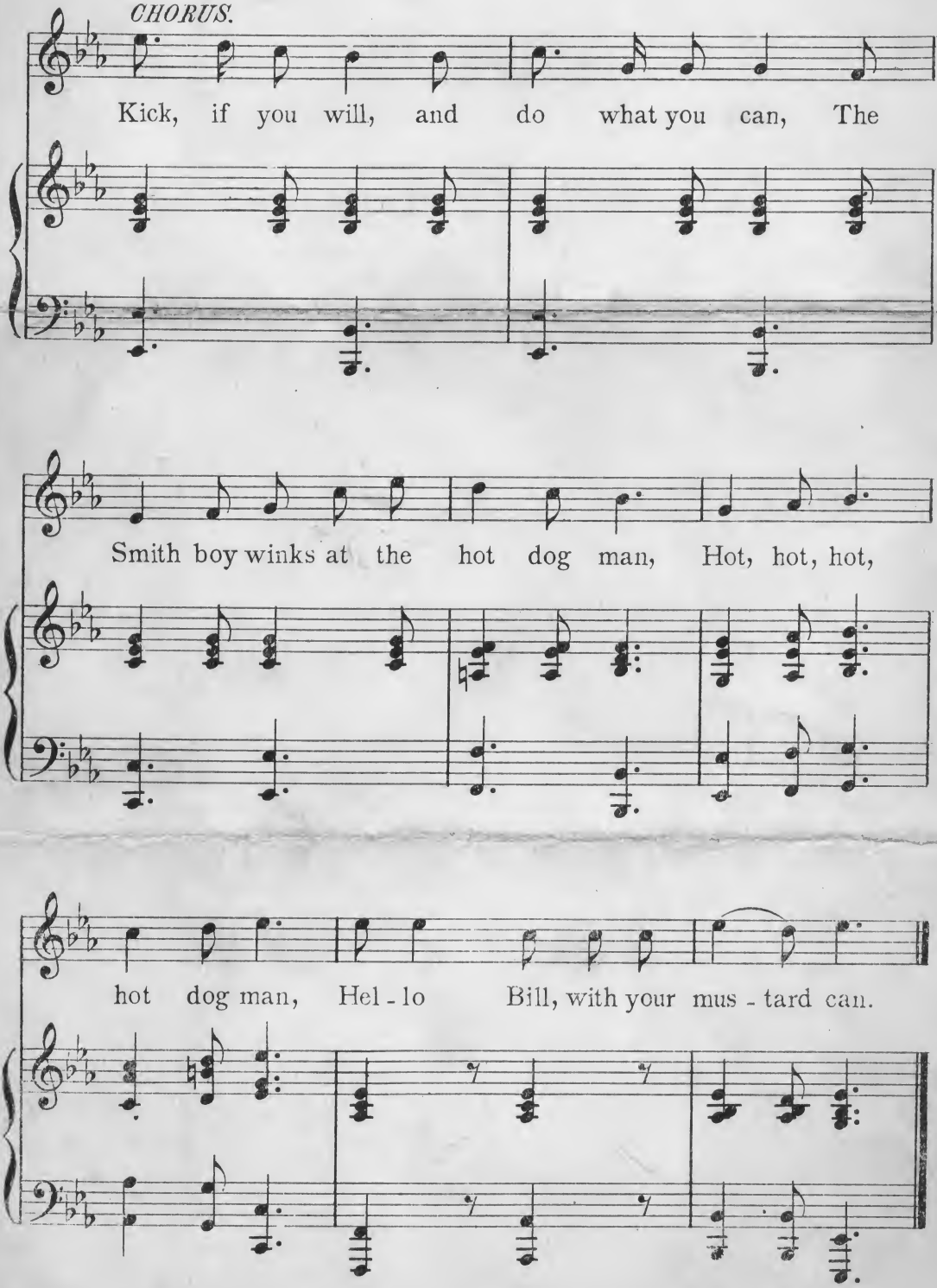
Dedicated to the Class of 1906.

Words by The Man in the Moon. WILLIAM JOHN HALL.




not for the storm, snow or rain, The
ea - sy to find hel - lo Bill, Oh it's
o - ver the hill far a - way, The
poor hot dog may be cold and thin, But a
bad to treat the head boss so, But a
head boss smiles and the cop he winks, But the
good Smith boy will take him in,
hot dog fills, we'd have you know,
dog man stands and grins and thinks,


Kick, if you will 'gin the hot dog man, He will
Who cares a rap where he buys his dog, For what
He knows a kid's craw won't bend or break, It is
sell you dog when e'er he can, Stomach-ache, back-ache,
he sells may be but a hog, Rab-bit or mule, Bill
not he feels stomach-ache, He'll sell a dog tho'the
pain in the head, A hot dog is fine with old rye bread.
goat or a cat, Oh what does a Smith boy care for that.
hea vens fall, And the Smith boy eats him, skin and all.

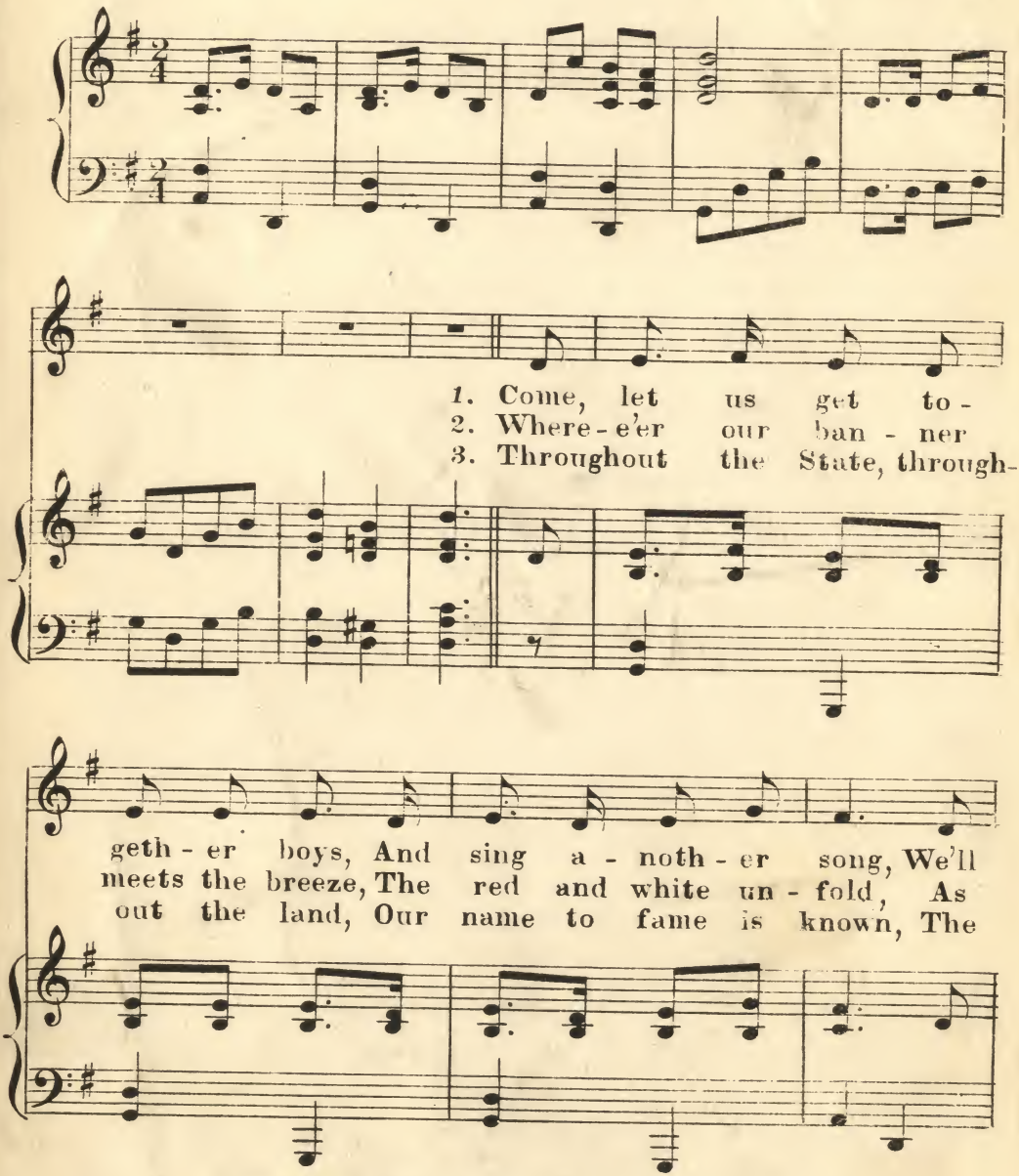

CHORUS.
Kick, if you will, and do what you can, The
Smith boy winks at the hot dog man, Hot, hot, hot,
hot dog man, Hel - lo Bill, with your mus - tard can.

2nd Prep 105 C. C. Swarts.

"SMITH FOREVER"

Words by
Roger Conant Hatch.

Music by
William John Hall.



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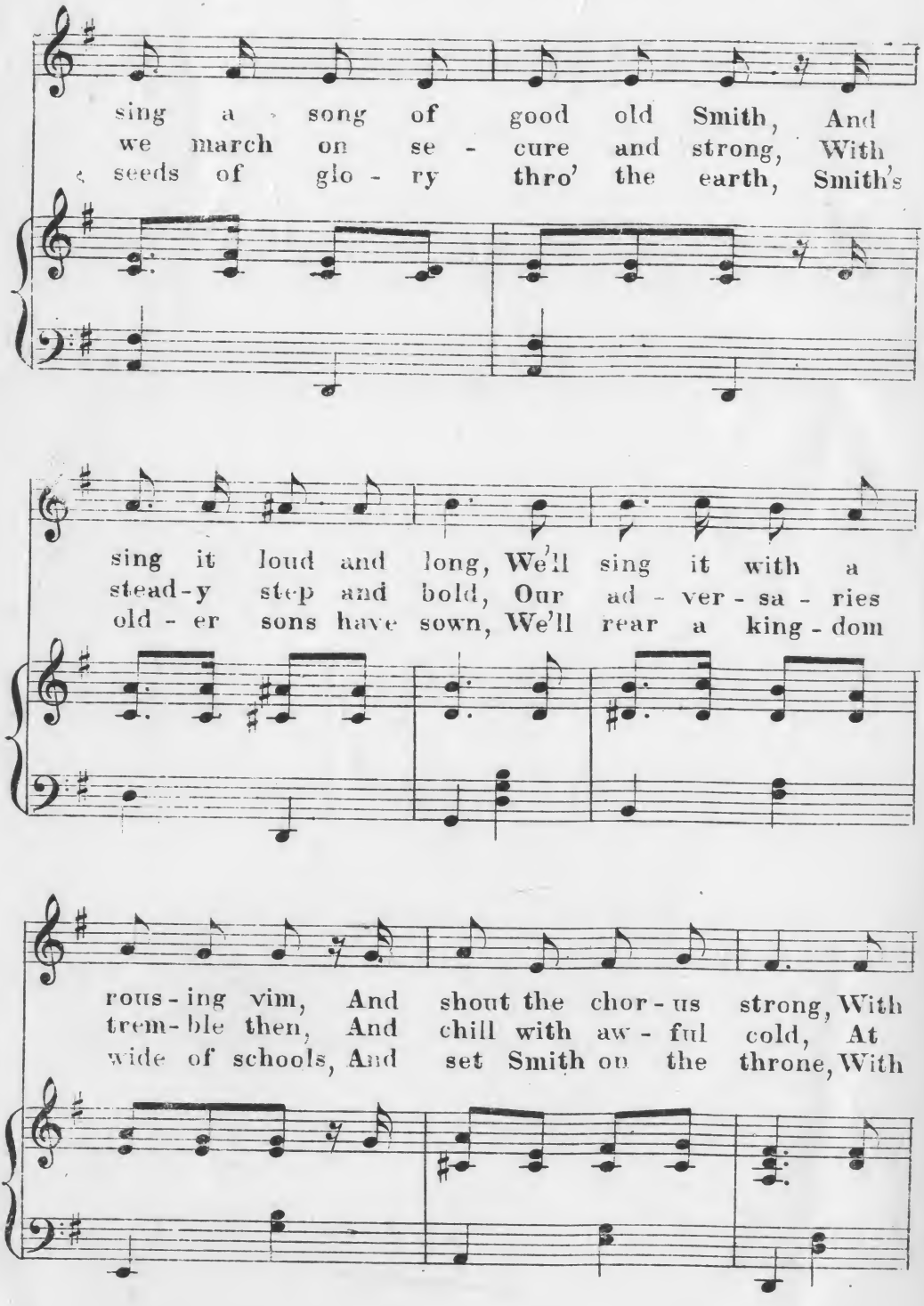
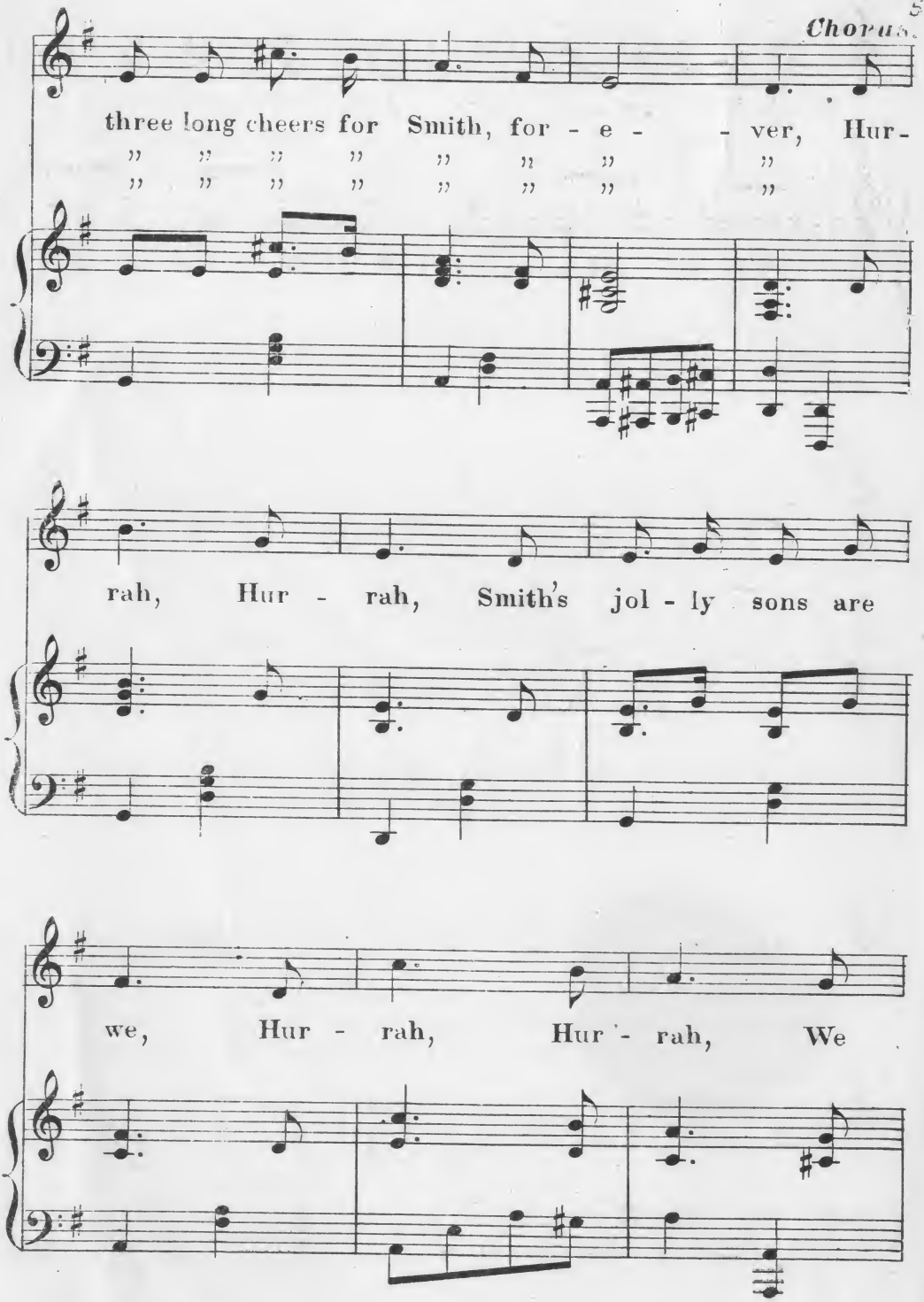
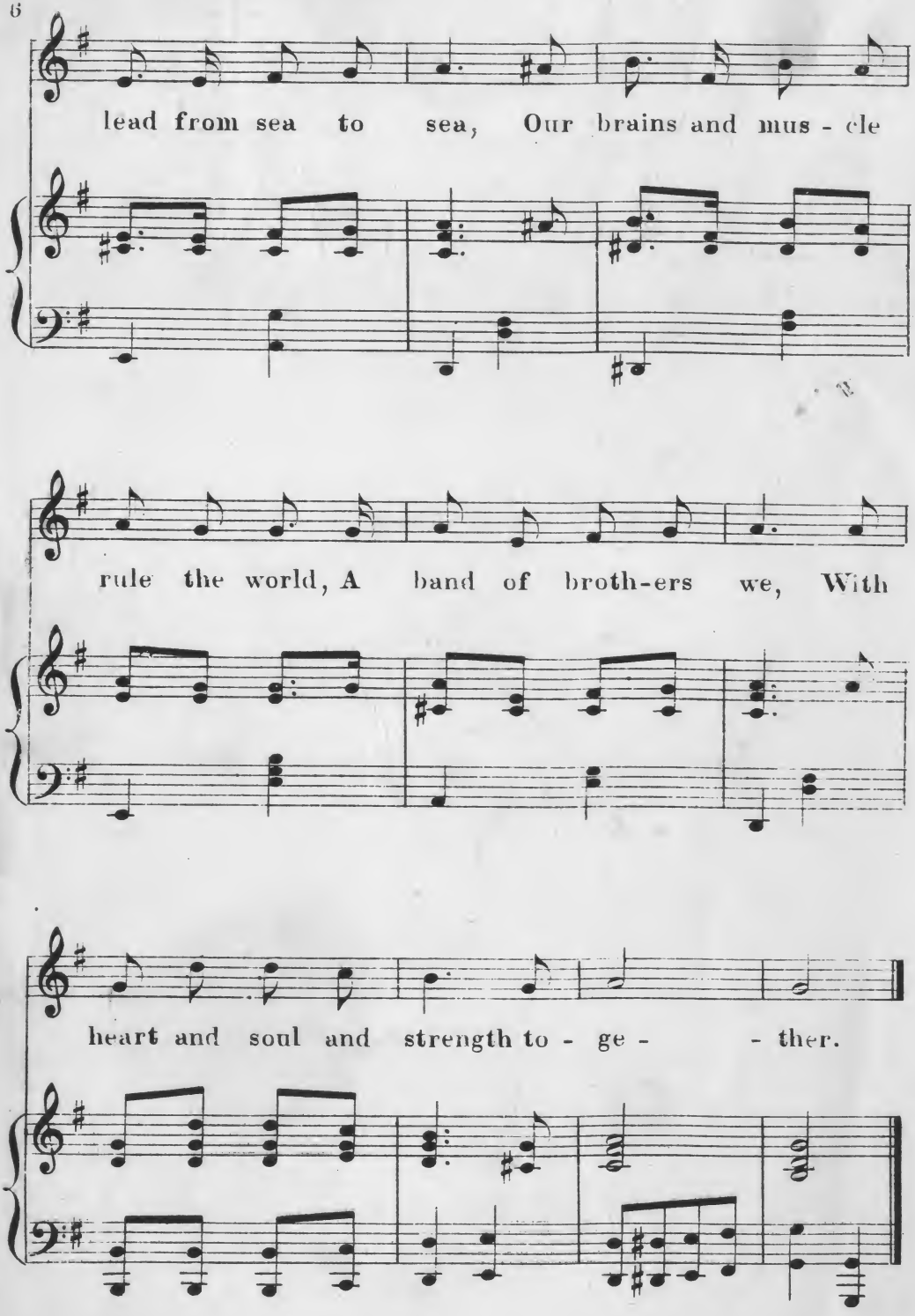

sing a song of good old Smith, And
we march on se - cure and strong, With
seeds of glo - ry thro' the earth, Smith's
sing it loud and long, We'll sing it with a
stead-y step and bold, Our ad - ver - sa - ries
old - er sons have sown, We'll rear a king - dom
rous - ing vim, And shout the chor - us strong, With
trem - ble then, And chill with aw - ful cold, At
wide of schools, And set Smith on the throne, With

Chorus.


three long cheers for Smith, for - e - - ver, Hur-
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "
rah, Hur - rah, Smith's jol - ly sons are
we, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, We


lead from sea to sea, Our brains and mus - cle
rule the world, A band of broth-ers we, With
heart and soul and strength to - ge - - ther.